

THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1759

JANUARY 20, 1906

PRICE THREEPENCE

Education

MANCHESTER EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

PUPIL TEACHERS' COLLEGE.

APPOINTMENT OF PRINCIPAL.

In consequence of the appointment of Mr. W. E. Urwick, M.A. Oxon, on the inspectorate of the Secondary Branch of the Board of Education, the Education Committee of the City of Manchester invite applications for the Principalship of the Pupil Teachers' College from persons of academic standing and of sound experience in the principles and methods of teaching.

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The person appointed should be prepared to assume the duties of the office not later than April 23, 1906.

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J. H. REYNOLDS,

Director of Higher Education.

Municipal School of Technology,
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January 16, 1906.

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Forms of application can be obtained by letter, addressed to the Secretary, Royal Academy of Arts, Piccadilly, W. They must be filled in and returned on or before Saturday, January 27.

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This number contains an Education Supplement.

Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Subscriptions: Inland 15s., Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post free.

THE LITERARY WEEK

THE middle of a General Election is not a good time for any reading other than political, and this holds particularly true of the present contest, because to both sides the results have been so surprising as to afford an endless theme for conversation. With the political issue we have nothing to do here, but one aspect of the election has a distinctly literary interest. This, we need scarcely say, is the light that the election cast on modern journalism. If we compare the votes with the writings, it becomes evident at once that the leader-writer has completely lost such influence as at one time he exerted. If any inference is to be drawn from the fact, it is that people have got into the habit of buying papers for reasons quite apart from the character of the opinions that may be expressed in them. Perhaps it is not going too far to say that the political leader of to-day is not read at all by either side.

If we look back, there are plenty of instances to show that this was not always the case. At one period of its history, it was said that the *Times* had in itself influence enough to overthrow a ministry. Another instance of a paper that was a great political power in the land was the *Standard*, under Mr. W. H. Mudford, a man, by the bye, who made scarcely any pretence of being able to write himself, though there never was a better judge of the kind of writing that served his purpose. One of Mr. Mudford's characteristics was independence, and there are some who remember to this day the general astonishment when one morning the *Standard* came out with a leader wherein the late Mr. Gladstone was actually praised. Previous to this, the efforts of the leader-writer on this Conservative paper had consisted mainly of daily attacks on the Liberal chief. Mr. Mudford, although no opponent of hard hitting when he thought it necessary, introduced a spirit of fair play that was not long in winning the confidence of his readers. It would be easy to point to many living journalists who in their day exercised a very great authority in the world of politics. The most striking examples were the first editors of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. First there was Mr. Greenwood, and both in the newspaper wherein he began to incorporate his idea of what an evening journal should be, and in that he created when circumstances led to his resignation of the editorship of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, his opinion carried weight from the fact of his own personality being so much felt. It was known that he never expressed an opinion without arriving at it deliberately, and his personal honour, integrity, and sincerity were so much beyond question that friends and foes were alike compelled to listen to him. If we were asked to name on the Liberal side of journalism of our time the man who possessed the most influence as a journalist, it would scarcely be possible to avoid mentioning Mr. John Morley, who succeeded Mr. Greenwood. Here again we have not only ability, but sterling honesty and justice, so that Mr.

John Morley is in every way qualified to be named as an equal of those giants to whom allusion has been made.

Of a very different kind, but still as great in its way, is the journalistic power of Mr. W. T. Stead, though, as he is strenuously active at the present moment, it would perhaps be not quite in the best taste to discuss him in detail. We have selected those to whom mention has been made for the particular reason that, quite apart from the question of financial success, they raised the whole tone of journalism and used it as a means of impressing their honest convictions on the public. They have been succeeded by men who are possibly just as clever, but in an entirely different way. The genius of the modern journalist seems to find expression less in rhetoric and the moulding of opinion than in the collection, arrangement, and presentation of news. An evening newspaper under Mr. Greenwood's supervision became like a very literary monthly magazine published nightly. It was a production to please the elect, but those who cater for the million cannot afford to be so fastidious.

Professor F. B. Gummere, in his article upon Originality in Literature in the new number of the *Quarterly Review*, delivers himself of the opinion that modern progress tends to bring poetry towards extinction, and that its last citadel will be the lyric. He arrives at this conclusion after a devious route, which passes on its way "masterful cells," "imitative cells," and other curious verbal products of science. He is something of a pessimist, and writes as though he lived in a very uninspiring time. People, it seems, "stand silent about the tomb where our forbears once wept and chanted the dirge." The writer was once at the funeral of a very eminent man, when, as Sir Thomas Browne has it, the last valediction was said, and two men scarcely less eminent calmly lighted, one his pipe, and the other a cigar, and smoked silently. This was not conventional, but our Professor would argue badly if he asserted that there was any lack of feeling.

The writer goes on to say that the great death-scenes of literature have also passed from verse into prose, but is this really the case? As far as our memory goes, there are as many death-scenes narrated in old prose as in old verse, and from considerable experience of the sonneteer of to-day we are inclined to pray the Professor not to make him more lugubrious. We can assure him that sadness from every conceivable standpoint pours in upon any unfortunate editor who is in the habit of accepting poetry, and death is as common a topic as spring, autumn or the months. Triumph of thought over emotion is not natural. Those that we are accustomed to call the dumb creatures know nothing of sorrow. It is an emotion that only comes with the development of thought, and experience shows that the most intellectual people usually feel more poignantly the sadness and tragedy of the world than any others.

It may be asked what all this has to do with originality in literature, and, sooth to say, we might almost answer: nothing. The Professor's ideas are better on some very simple truths, such as the statement that man is an imitative animal; that one man's success in a certain thing is a good reason for another trying the same thing, and the man of originality himself makes a convention which becomes a rule for those who follow after. But the convention, as a matter of fact, is only the case that holds the wine, not the wine itself. Shakespeare packed his drama into five acts just as all the nameless crowd of his contemporaries were doing. He studied and followed the conventions so as to have an egress and entrance beyond the conventional curtains. It did not seem to occur to him to make new bottles: he was content to pour new wine into the old.

The death of Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff will recall to many people's minds a most curious and interesting personality. For more than a generation he was a notable figure in the most cultivated and literary circles of good society. To the general public he was known chiefly for his "Notes from a Diary," which ran into more volumes than we can recollect, the last being dated 1905. These books would have been much more entertaining if the diarist had allowed himself a freer hand, especially about the fifteen years he spent as a member of the House of Commons. It was actually his ambition "to leave behind me one of the most good-natured books of its kind ever printed, and I apprehend that for a politician to write truthfully of the political struggles in which he has been engaged, without paying to some of the combatants 'the genuine tribute of undissembled horror,' would be a hopeless enterprise." Hence it is that he gives us more botany than the plain man can endure; and as a whole the Recollections compare unfavourably in point of interest with Augustus Hare's delightful volumes.

Grant-Duff belonged to all sorts of breakfast, dinner, and supper clubs, and his breakfasts were as famous as Sam Rogers's. Good talk he certainly loved, and he was eminently the cause of it in others. He was, perhaps, too various a man to make a great place. The son of the historian of the Mahrattas, he possessed considerable knowledge of India, where, indeed, he was once Governor of Madras, and he wrote an excellent Memoir of Sir Henry Maine. He also wrote a Memoir of Lord de Tabley, the poet, and a study of Renan, whom he knew intimately and had entertained when he was a tenant of York House, Twickenham. Politically, Sir Mountstuart belonged to a type of member which is often said to be now extinct, though it remains to be seen what the present General Election may do to revive it. It is an eminently literary, genuinely cultivated, perhaps rather pedantic and pragmatical type. During the long period when he represented the Elgin Burghs, Sir Mountstuart used to address his constituency at the end of every Session in a speech which surveyed the world and its politics from China to Peru, and these he afterwards republished under the title of "Elgin Speeches." He was a bad speaker, however, and his orations, which are full of epigram, read much better than they sounded when he delivered them. It seems astounding now that he hardly ever addressed his constituents without classical quotations, and he was a man who could quote very well.

In that matter of quotations he belonged to a bygone age. Time was when the politician who failed to introduce an effective quotation into an important speech was relegated to the limbo of the commonplace. The classics are less studied to-day, and the twentieth-century debate is little likely to be graced by a fine passage such as that quoted by Burke in the speech on Conciliation with America which Fox advised members of the House of Commons to "read by day and meditate upon by night."

In his speeches, Burke could never compare in the matter of quotation with, say, Pitt, or Canning, or Gladstone; but on this occasion he surpassed himself. Dwelling on the effect of a just treatment of the Principality of Wales he said: "From that moment as by a charm, the tumult subsided; peace, order, and civilisation followed in the train of liberty. When the day-star of the English constitution had arisen in their hearts, all was harmony within and without.

Simul alba nautis
Stella refulsit,
Defluit saxis agitata humor,
Concidunt venti fugiuntque nubes,
Et minax (quod sic voluere) ponto
Unda recumbit."

Perhaps the art of classical quotation died with Mr. Gladstone's speech on the Affirmation Bill when as Mr. Morley says "with reverential stillness" the House sat listening to this "born master of moving cadence and high sustained modulation and to the rise and long roll of the hexameter—to the plangent lines that have come down across the night of time to us from great Rome." The lines were those from Lucretius:

Omnis enim per se divom natura necesse est
Immortali aevo summa cum pace fruatur,
Semota a nostris rebus sejunctaque longe.
Nam privata dolore omni, privata periculis,
Ipsa suis pollens opibus, nihil indiga nostri,
Nec bene promeritis capitur nec tangitur ira.

—quoted in reference to the theories of those who held that:

Whatever there may be beyond this short span of life, you know and you can know nothing of it, and it is a fruitless undertaking to attempt to establish relations with it.

The King's message on the proposed union between Great Britain and Ireland drew from Pitt, in a speech delivered in January 1799, another good quotation—one of the most apposite we remember:

Non ego nec Teucris Italos parere jubebo,
Nec nova regna peto; paribus se legibus ambae
Invictae gentes aeterna in foedera mittant.

Nothing could have summed up better Pitt's opinion on this vexed question. It was Pitt, again, who was responsible for the very felicitous quotation in reference to the execution of Louis XVI.

Excidat ille dies aevo, neu postera credant
Saecula, nos certe taceamus, et obruta multa
Nocte tegi nostrae patiamur crimina gentis.

To-day (January 20) is the centenary of the birth of an American author, once well known, though not now very well-remembered, Nathaniel Parker Willis. To us, indeed, his name is chiefly memorable from the fact that he was the first American writer to treat our celebrated persons to a dose of transatlantic personal journalism. Armed with introductions from his Legation, he obtained admission to many good houses, notably to Lady Blessington's. His impressions were afterwards recorded in "Pencilings by the way." The English impression of the taste of his impressions was set forth in vigorous style in the review of his book which Lockhart wrote for the *Quarterly*; and he came into violent collision with more than one eminent English author of the period. To Bulwer-Lytton, who took exception to his "personal note," he apologised in language of fulsome humility. Walter Savage Landor had an epistolary altercation with him because he borrowed one of the poet's manuscripts, promising to secure the publication of an American edition, and failed either to execute his promise or to respond without great delay to urgent requests for the return of the copy. Seeing that Landor was a man who always had to deal with publishers through middlemen in order to avoid deadly quarrels with them, the violence of his language in conducting his dispute with this stranger from the United States can be imagined.

In an interesting letter to the *Times*, Mr. E. A. Webb, Churchwarden of St. Bartholomew the Great, claims to have discovered the exact locality in which Benjamin Franklin worked for Palmer, the letter-founder and printer, during his sojourn in England. It was nothing else than the Lady Chapel of the Priory, which, "after the suppression in 1539 being converted by Lord Rich into a dwelling-house, and occupied in 1616 by Sir Percival Hart, and in 1653 by Thomas Roycroft, the printer of the great London Polyglot Bible, and in 1725 by S. Palmer, the author of the 'General History of Printing,' was the printing-house where Benjamin Franklin passed his year of

service to the printing trade in Bartholomew Close." From 1833 onwards it was used as a large fringe factory, until its purchase by the Restoration Committee in 1885.

Bishop Potter of New York, who is now in Egypt, has written to the *New York Times* offering £150 for the restoration of a stone escutcheon, which, he understands, has been removed by some American relic-hunter from over the entrance door of the farmhouse in Northamptonshire which was the home of Washington's ancestors. The Bishop argues that the escutcheon should be replaced in its former position as an international monument.

We had some notes, a little while ago, on the methods which some authors have adopted for the advertisement of their books. A correspondent sends us an example of this sort of thing which is the better worth quoting because we have never seen it quoted in this connection before. It is taken from a *Life of Madame de Krudner* whose novel "Valérie" appeared shortly after Madame de Staël's "Delphine." "You know quite well," the author wrote to a friend, "that neither talent nor genius, nor the excellence of one's intentions are sufficient to ensure a success; everything demands some charlatanism." And the biographer proceeds to tell us how she translated her doctrine into action:

During several days [he writes] she made the round of the fashionable shops, incognito, asking sometimes for shawls, sometimes for hats, feathers, wreaths, or ribbons, all "à la Valérie." When they saw this beautiful and elegant stranger step out of her carriage with an air of assurance, and ask for fancy articles which she invented on the spur of the moment, the shopkeepers were seized with a polite desire to satisfy her by any means in their power. Moreover, the lady would soon pretend to recognise the article she had asked for. And if the unfortunate shop-girls, taken aback by such unusual demands, looked puzzled, Mme. de Krudner would smile graciously and pity them for their ignorance of the new novel, thus turning them all into eager readers of "Valérie." Then, laden with purchases, she would drive off to another shop, pretending to search for that which only existed in her imagination. Thanks to these manoeuvres she succeeded in exciting such ardent competition in honour of her heroine, that, for at least a week, the shops sold everything "à la Valérie." Her own friends, the innocent accomplices in her stratagem, also visited shops on her recommendation, thus carrying the fame of her book through the Faubourg Saint-Germain and the Chaussée d'Antin.

We have received from Mr. J. A. Stargardt of Berlin the catalogue of the collection of autographs formed by the late Alexander Meyer Cohn, which is to be sold by auction in Berlin from the 5th to the 10th of February. It contains not a few interesting letters and documents of English and American men of letters. There is a letter of Burns to John McMurdo, sending a ballad: "Kings give coronets; alas, I can only bestow a ballad—Still, however, I proudly claim one superiority even over Monarchs: my presents, as far as I am a Poet, are the presents of genius." "I should probably have gone to England for the Coronation," writes Byron to Hoppner in 1820, "but for my wife—I don't wish to walk in such company under present circumstances." Crabbe writes from Trowbridge (1829): "The men who are hungry and thirsty, threaten, and no wonder, their Rival the machines, with utter destruction," and there are letters, too, from Carlyle, Coleridge, Locke, Macaulay, Pope, Prior, Ruskin, Scott, and Washington Irving.

The second production of the Seventh Season of the Stage Society will take place on January 28 and 29, 1906, at the Scala Theatre. The programme will consist of *Lady Inger of Ostrat*, by Henrik Ibsen, with the following cast: Miss Edyth Olive will play Lady Inger; Mr. Henry Ainley, Nils Lykke; and Mr. Harcourt Williams, Nils Stensson. The play will be produced by Mr. Herbert Jarman.

The Private View of the Eleventh Annual Exhibition of The Royal Society of Miniature Painters will take place to-day (Saturday, 20th inst.), at the Modern Gallery, 61 New Bond Street, W. The Exhibition will be open to the public from January 22 to February 24.

LITERATURE

THE SUN OF SCOTLAND

Selected Poems of Robert Burns. With an introduction by ANDREW LANG. (Kegan Paul, 1s. 6d. net.)

BEFORE these words are in print, Scotland will once more have celebrated the day when "a blast o' Janwar win' blew hansel in on Robin," and *à propos* of which this little book of selections has been issued. To our mind the chief point of interest in it is the excellent introduction supplied by Mr. Andrew Lang. While appreciative, it is at the same time sane, quiet, and marked by the critic's good sense and sound judgment. There are a few points, however, which are almost certain to lead to a little friendly argument. Some time ago we directed attention to an acute piece of criticism from the pen of the late Canon Ainger, who maintained that the best passages in Robert Burns were written in the purest English. Mr. Andrew Lang probably did not notice this remark; at any rate, he maintains the opinion that "his Scotch poems are, by universal consent, as well as in his own opinion, infinitely his best poems," and this he follows up with a sneer at the model of Burns, "the divine Shenstone." Now it seems to us that this opinion is very much open to question. It is a curious fact that the peasant, either in England or in Scotland, when moved by strong feeling of any kind, has a tendency to express it, not in dialect but in pure and beautiful English. The cause, in the instance of Burns, is not far to seek. Whilst colloquial Scotch was the every-day, commonplace language of his friends and associates, and the homely *patois* of his family, we must never forget the influence of the "big ha' bible" and the habit of closing the day with a reading from it as described in "The Cotter's Saturday Night."

The chearfu' Supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The Sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha'-Bible, ance his Father's pride;
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care,
"And let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air.

Now, if we examine the choicest passages in the works of Burns, we find none of those obscure dialect words which, according to Mr. Andrew Lang, puzzle the reader. Even in "Tam O' Shanter," a piece famed for the exquisite force and vividness of the native Doric, we find many of the finest lines to be set down in English that might have proceeded from Wordsworth himself.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow-falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.

There is only, it may be observed, a single word—and that not a dialect word—here that would not be understood by a London schoolboy. Again, if we take what are generally considered to be the most tender lines ever written by the poet, the same observation holds good.

Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted,

In passing it may be permissible to say that the writer has ever looked upon the first line of this poem as a fine example of the instinctive good taste of Burns for the appropriate word: "Ae fond kiss, and then we sever." The English word "sever," naturally as it occurs in this context, is one that on first thoughts we would not have expected Burns to employ. However, to proceed with our argument, we find that as the poet draws to his culmina-

tion, when his emotion is worked up to its highest pitch, his language becomes ever purer and more beautiful. At first, when he is in a despondent mood, describing the humdrum tedium and despair of life, the homely dialect is delightful.

There, lanely, by the ingle-cheek,
I sat and ey'd the spewing reek,
That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking smeeek,
The auld, clay biggin;
An' heard the restless rattons squeak
About the riggin.

The softness, the harmony and dignity of the last verse are expressed in language that Shakespeare could not have bettered.

"And wear thou this,"—she solemn said,
And bound the *Holly* round my head:
The polish'd leaves, and berries red,
Did rustling play;
And, like a passing thought, she fled
In light away.

It is, however, remarkable that in "The Jolly Beggars," while all the lesser characters use broad Scotch, some of it most idiomatic, to display their contempt for everything that is respectable and conventional, the supreme expression of the wanderers for all that genteel society holds most dear is set forth in words that might have come from the pen of Swift, if Swift had been as much a poet as Burns was. To illustrate the Scottish idiom, we cannot do better than quote the first verse of the fiddler's song:

Let me ryke up to dight that tear,
An' go wi' me to be my dear,
An' then your every care and fear
May whistle owre the lave o't;

and the conclusion of the poem will make our other point clear:

Life is all a *variorum*,
We regard not how it goes;
Let them cant about *decorum*
Who have characters to lose.

Here's to budgets, bags, and wallets!
Here's to all the wandering train!
Here's our ragged brats and callets!
One and all cry out, Amen!

A fig for those by law protected!
Liberty's a glorious feast!
Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to please the priest.

In view of these passages, which are but samples of many others that could be produced, we think that the traditional belief that Burns was most excellent in his Scottish poems deserves reconsideration. All the same, it may be frankly admitted that he showed an occasional tendency to become stilted when he wrote English, especially when he used it for ordinary purposes and occasionally when he tried his highest flight, as "To Mary in Heaven." There is an excellent criticism of this poem conveyed incidentally in Mr. Holman Hunt's history of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.

During the intercourse of this journey we were much engaged in discussions on the character of English poetry of all periods. Palgrave was a man of solid culture, and was engaged at the time on his unrivalled forthcoming selection *The Golden Treasury*. While Burns was under review, his poem *To Mary in Heaven* was excluded from the selection, Tennyson agreeing that the refrain of "Hear'st thou the groans that rend this breast?" had the ring of hysterical insincerity and bombast in it, a rare fault in that simple poet.

While admitting that Tennyson was right, as he generally was, we refuse to believe that the comparative failure here was one of language. It would be difficult, for instance, to suggest how the third verse could be improved by a Scotch paraphrase.

Ayr, gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild-woods, thick'ning green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene:
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on ev'ry spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Another opinion expressed by Mr. Andrew Lang is one exclusively of temperament. It is conveyed in the following sentence:

Once I ventured to say—Principal Shairp had said it before—that I wished we knew no more of Burns's life than of Shakespeare's. It was a vain thing to wish; we cannot keep his poetry, with its frequent confessions, and be ignorant of his life. But I meant no more than natural desire to be spared sermons, scandal, tattle about a poet. care no more to grope after the last gossip about Jean Armour, than to listen to the last "chatter about Harriet."

As far as disliking a scandal about a dead poet goes, we are in the most complete agreement with Mr. Andrew Lang; but, on the other hand, there is much to be said in favour of Carlyle's view, that it is better to see a man exactly as he really is than to behold him cloaked and posed as if awaiting a visit from the sculptor. In our opinion it tends to give a deeper insight into human nature. We see in Burns a man who was described with the utmost exactitude by himself in "A Bard's Epitaph":

The poor Inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And softer flame,
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain'd his name!

We see in Burns one who had all the finest instincts and impulses that human nature could be endowed with. If they had been accompanied by mental force he would probably have been a great saint but a very poor poet. It was because of his very weakness and lack of that "prudent, cautious self-control" which he found by bitter experience to be "wisdom's root" he fell into so many thoughtless follies; but even in doing so he was, like Sir Walter Scott under very different circumstances, "making himself." In a word, he was drinking life to the very lees, and the pathos, remorse, pity, and sadness combined with the mad gaiety of it led him to understand the whole gamut of human emotion. His example is not one to set up for imitation; and yet, looking back and comparing the fruit with the plant, we find that they are one and indivisible. It was his keen sympathy combined with experience that made him capable of fulfilling his own ambition—to become a singer of "the loves, the ways of simple swains"; or, if Mr. Andrew Lang's more grandiose phrase be preferred, even as Homer was the sun of Hellas, so was Robert Burns the sun of Scotland.

THE COLERIDGES

The Story of a Devonshire House. By LORD COLERIDGE, K.C.
(Unwin, 15s. net.)

DR. JOWETT used to say that it was impossible to remember how all the Coleridges were related to each other, as they were as numerous as the Herods. Since then, much has been written concerning this brilliant group of Devonshire men, but, as is seen in Lord Coleridge's annals of his house, much of interest remained to be recorded. The story opens in a delightful way. In the year 1734, a poor lad sat weeping in misery by the roadside near Crediton. The son of a ruined weaver of that town, he had been forced to leave home, at the age of fifteen, and find what means of livelihood he could. Moved by his tears, a passer-by stopped to speak with him, and, on learning his helpless condition, obtained for him a place as usher in a neighbouring school. The boy proved to be an admirable scholar, and in 1760 he settled at Ottery St. Mary's as vicar and schoolmaster of the parish. Like Parson Adams, whom in nature he resembled, he was never a rich man, for he had a large family to bring up; but he at least gave to his eight sons, before he died, a remarkably solid education. All his boys, save perhaps S. T. C., were men of strong, high character. The most heroic spirit among them was the soldier, John Coleridge, who died in India at the age of thirty-three. By stinting himself for the education and

advancement in life of his younger relatives, he so raised the position of his house that the Coleridges soon became distinguished in literature, scholarship, law and divinity. They were, at first, as S. T. C. said, "uncontaminated with one drop of gentility," but by the marriage of James Coleridge with an heiress in 1788, the main branch of the family acquired a strain of gentle blood as well as no inconsiderable fortune.

Like Francis Coleridge, who fell in the storming of Seringapatam, S. T. C. was destined by his brother John to serve in the Indian Army. The actual career of "Silas Tomkyn Comberbache" was no matter of pride to his self-reliant, independent brothers. At Ottery St. Mary's even his poetry was disesteemed: Colonel Coleridge wrote to his son, J. T. Coleridge: "Your Uncle Samuel is (I hear) to lecture at ye New Institute London on Poetry and Modern Poets. If he wants any abuse, I can help him out." But, on meeting his uncle, J. T. Coleridge was won by his genius in conversation:

He spent two days in Richmond, and so delightful and astonishing a man I have never met with. Every subject he was master of, and discussed in the most splendid eloquence without ever pausing for a word. Whether poetry, religion, language, politics, or metaphysics were on the "tapis," he was equally at home and equally clear. It was curious to see the ladies loitering most attentively, and being really uncommonly entertained with a long discussion of two hours on the deepest metaphysics. At the end of the time I got one of them, a beautiful woman and a superior singer, to sing some Italian arie to him. His very frame shook with pleasure, a settled smile and a sort of tittering sound indicated his feelings. He prayed that she might finish those strains in Heaven, and sitting down by Mrs. May, recited some extempore verses on the singer.

The Coleridges seemed to have been good writers of letters. Even the gallant midshipman, Bernard F. Coleridge, who at the age of eleven, assisted in blockading the French fleet at Brest in 1804, gives in his letters some vivid glimpses of life in the English navy of Nelson's age. Trafalgar seems to have been won by men who lived on beef ten years in corn, biscuits full of maggots, and "water of the colour of a pear-tree with plenty of weavils in it." J. T. Coleridge's correspondence contains some delightful pictures of continental life in 1814. The most interesting, perhaps, is his sketch of the brilliant literary circle at Geneva, over which Mme. de Staël presided, and of which her daughter Albertine, a girl of seventeen years of age, "with fine eyes, auburn hair, great ambition, all her mother's brilliancy and more than her accomplishments," was the supreme ornament.

J. T. Coleridge's letters occupy a considerable space in his grandson's work, and add much to its interest. He was a man who played in the life of his time no small part, both as the intimate friend of Keble and Arnold, and as a judge; although his legal career was afterwards overshadowed by that of his son, the late Lord Coleridge. The Lord Chief Justice and S. T. C. were, indeed, the most famous members of their family; but, as their lives have already been written fully by other hands, the author of "The Story of a Devonshire House," has rightly devoted himself to the pious labour of collecting memorials of other gracious and notable figures who bore the illustrious name.

ANOTHER PETRONIUS IN ENGLISH

Petronius: *Cena Trimalchionis*. Translated with Introduction, Notes, etc., by MICHAEL J. RYAN. (Walter Scott Publishing Co., 3s. 6d.)

WE regret that this little book did not come into our hands early enough to be considered in connection with Mr. Lowe's edition. It would be tiresome to go into details so soon after our former notice, but we may say at once that this is a very good book, introduction, notes and translation being all well done. It is addressed to less advanced scholars than those to whom Mr. Lowe appeals. The text is Bücheler's tempered with Friedländer. The editor does not deal with critical considerations in connection with the explanatory notes, but gives a list of variant readings. Sometimes the translation, which is good and

spirited, passes over a sentence or two for no apparent reason, as in §43, *noveram hominem olim oliorum: et adhuc salax erat . . . reliquisse*. Nor is *olim oliorum* explained in the notes, though surely it demands notice, if *oliorum* is, as Friedländer thinks, a coined comparative of *olim*, the phrase meaning "long ago of longagoes," that is "long long ago." *Pilare* is not explained either in the phrase *singulos pilavit* (§44), nor in *parram pilavit* (§43). Mr. Lowe takes it to mean "plucked" ("deprived of hair") in both places. If this is so, *quomodo singulos pilabat* (§44) might be translated "how he had them bald-headed," an Americanism which ought not to have been missed by Professor Peck, who renders "he used to make things hum." Mr. Ryan translates "he used to knock out his adversaries." Compare Lowell: "Pious Editor's Creed,"

I scent which pays the best, and then go into it baldheaded.

Malam parram pilavit hardly finds an equivalent in "he made a bad hand of his business," and *omnis minervae homo* is not "a jack of all trades," as the context shows. *Occidit de lucerna equites* (§45) does not mean "he killed the horsemen by lamplight," but, as Mr. Lowe has it, "the fellows killed at his show were about the size of knights engraved on lamp-shades." To the same purpose Professor Peck renders "his mounted fighters were as much like the real thing as a lot of dissolving views." In the bits of verse scattered through the piece Professor Peck is distinctly the most successful of the three.

We have dwelt chiefly on the less satisfactory parts of Mr. Ryan's work, but we should be sorry to convey a bad impression of the book, which is very good on the whole. It is a curious coincidence that the two first English editions of the *Cena Trimalchionis* should have appeared in the same week.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

SOME OLD POTTERY

History of Ancient Pottery, Greek, Etruscan and Roman. By H. B. WALTERS, M.A., F.S.A. Based upon the work of Samuel Birch. 2 vols. Illustrated. (Murray, 63s.)

THIS is a difficult book to estimate justly. Such a work was much needed: and this has great merits, and will probably be read and valued widely. But it has bad defects, both of plan and of workmanship; and its title and mode of appearance challenge notice of these latter, unavoidably.

When Samuel Birch published his "History of Ancient Pottery" in 1857, its two volumes, though by no means so stout as these, managed to contain pretty well all that was worth knowing then, about ancient pottery between the Tigris and the Atlantic, and as a general introduction to ceramic art it has never been replaced. But of course its contents have been superseded, line by line, as further investigation came; and the second edition, published in 1873, has long been out of print.

Under these circumstances several courses are open. Probably no single student could undertake nowadays the gigantic task of "re-editing Birch"; but a syndicate of five or six might cover the ground between them; and a strong editor might give unity and proportion to the whole. Or the work of Birch might be left, a classic and a monument, on one side; and the new generation might begin, on modern lines, a series of monographs of this and that school of pottery. And in either of these enterprises, Mr. Walters's previous work on the vase catalogues of the British Museum would have qualified him for an important share. But in the book before us he has adopted a middle course, which combines the disadvantages of both. He describes it as "based upon the work of Samuel Birch," and explains in his preface that so far as circumstances permitted he has retained Birch's arrangement of chapters and subjects.

He has modified the arrangement of Birch, however, in two important particulars. He is careful to explain in his preface that he limits himself to the pottery of the Greek world, and to the prolongations of Greek ceramic tradition

in Italy, and in certain provinces of the Roman Empire. He adds, moreover, on his title-page the qualifying words "Greek, Etruscan, and Roman;" and it would have saved some misconception if these words had appeared on the covers also; for there is all the difference in the world between a History of Ancient Pottery, and a history of the pottery of these three ancient peoples, remarkable as their achievements were.

But while Mr. Walters limits himself thus on one side, he more than compensates, so far as bulk is concerned, by devoting quite half of his book to the special study of the decorative aspect of certain fabrics of Hellenic pottery, and nearly two hundred pages to a description of the mythology and daily life of the Greeks, as illustrated by the pictures on their vases. It is not surprising, therefore, that in spite of his self-imposed restrictions, his book runs to nearly eleven hundred pages in all.

Those parts of the book which deal with Hellenic fabrics are compiled with great learning and industry, and with real mastery of the subject. There are slips here and there, but Mr. Walters "knows his vases," and gives copious references to the literature, as well as a good general bibliography to begin with. But good wine needs no bush; and if these parts of his treatise had been published separately as a History of Greek Painted Vases, they would probably have done more for Mr. Walters's reputation, as well as for the instruction and convenience of those to whom they chiefly appeal.

The Introductory Chapter is notable for an excellent retrospect of the history of the study of Greek vases and vase-paintings: and for an analysis of the causes which suggested the principal theories about them. By the way, is the date of the completion of Tischbein 1803, as stated on p. 17, or 1795, as on p. xxxii.?

The review, again, on pp. 46 ff. of the Sites and Circumstances of Discovery of Greek Vases is learned and comprehensive, but it is a pity that finds of all periods are jumbled together, and that more copious use is not made of outline maps like those on pp. 63, 66, 70, but giving the distribution of each group of fabrics separately. Meanwhile, is it not somewhat misleading to mark Knossos and Idrias in similar type, as on p. 63, and to include these, while omitting Ægina and Miletus?

To the list of vase-collections on p. 27 ff. should be added the museums at Constantinople, Bari, Syracuse and Alexandria. Sèvres deserves special mention of Brogniart's Catalogue of 1845—a wonderful piece of work for that period—and its early Melian vases; Ghent has a fine series of *terra sigillata*, and a large number of moulds, and Cassel contains much material used in Boehlau's *Aus Ionischen Nekropolen*.

Let us hope that there are no other collections in the world, which, like that at Deepdene, must be stigmatised as "inaccessible to students."

In its original encyclopædic content a chapter like that of Birch on "The Uses of Clay" was appropriate enough; but in these volumes the forty pages devoted to a rather perfunctory review of sun-dried bricks, roof-tiles, braziers, or even lamps and figurines—still more to enamelled wares and what Mr. Walters calls "porcelain"—lead up to almost nothing. The section on glazed wares is particularly thin: there is confusion between faience and glass on p. 128, and a curious lapse of judgment on p. 127 describes a piece of characteristic Mycenaean modelling as "so purely Hellenic." Nor is it easy to see why a scarab of Psammetichus I. should date the Polledrara tomb, p. 127, to the end of the sixth century. Here is a puzzle for logicians, and historians too—"the strong Phoenician element in Sardinia is sufficient to indicate that these fabrics are all of Egyptian importation" (p. 128).

In the chapter on "Uses and Shapes" Mr. Walters is more at home, though to distinguish between *κάρυξ* and *κάρυξ* (i. 152) seems unnecessary; but that which deals with the technical aspect of pottery is very uneven. There is great learning and much evidence of first-hand study of certain kinds of problems, but strange lapses occur, which

a very moderate acquaintance with actual potter's practice would have precluded. On pp. 203, 220, in translations of German and French analyses, "clay-earth" and "chalk" should be *alumina* and *lime*. In ii 435 the red glaze of *terra sigillata* is ascribed to "a kind of varnish, the elements of which are not absolutely certain, but it would appear that the substance added to produce the effect was of an essentially *alkaloid* nature." The italics are ours. Hartwig's theory about feather brushes is adopted very confidently; but does one hold a feather brush as if it were a dagger, as on the Ruvo vase in Fig. 72? Surely that scene depicts engravers, not painters.

The same lack of general grounding comes out again in the section on ornament in vol. ii. Mr. Walters follows Riegl mostly, and of course deals learnedly with the details of the lotos-and-palmette *régime* of the sixth and fifth centuries. But he takes the Corinthian "ground ornaments" as indications of landscape; his classification compels him to separate absolutely the maeander from the recurring spiral; he thinks the *guilloché* has a Mycenaean origin; and, neglecting its Egyptian antecedents, regards what he calls the "tongue pattern" (the German *Stab-ornament*) as ancestral to the "egg-pattern" and the "egg-and-dart" (p. 219). He adopts (p. 224) Houssay's ridiculous theory about *Vallisneria spiralis*, and fathers upon this herb the palmette also. Speaking of the antithesis of "procession" and "heraldic group" on p. 206, he says:

Both are essentially Oriental (*i.e.*, Assyrian) in origin, the prototype of the latter being the familiar motive of the two animals and the sacred tree, which is so frequently found on Mycenaean gems, and is best exemplified in the famous Lion Gate of Mycenæ. Yet this typically Mycenaean and Oriental motive was not the one adopted by its natural inheritors the Ionians, and it is in Dorian Corinth that we find its reflection on the painted vases.

This is a cluster of puzzles. Was it from Mycenæ or from Assyria that the Ionians failed to inherit? Did Mycenæ receive it from Assyria, or Assyria from Mycenæ? and whence did "Dorian" Corinth get it, after all?

But it is in Part iv., on "Italian Pottery," that the limitations already indicated on the title-page become most distressingly apparent. "Greek, Etruscan, and Roman," should have been the sub-title here also: for "Italian pottery" is explained on p. 279; "that is, Etruscan and Roman as distinct from Greek"; and the tell-tale apology follows:

It is hardly possible to treat the subject of working in clay in Etruria with such fulness as can be done in the case of Greece and Rome, owing to the greater dearth of literature.

But surely it is the pots, not the books, which matter to a historian of pottery: and these are copious enough, and by no means comfortably divisible into "Etruscan" and "Roman" fabrics. The "literature," however (in the shape of Pottier's "Catalogue des Vases du Louvre" mostly), is copious enough to inspire (on pp. 280-2) a very thin summary of current theories about the origin of the Etruscans, which has little or nothing to do with their pottery, and

it follows from this that the whole of the civilisation of Northern and Central Italy is due to this race, which would obviously have left its impress on each district as it passed through it; and secondly, that it was this same race which was afterwards known by the name of Etruscan.

Yet while the "Villanova culture" is attributed to these Etruscan immigrants, it is also interpreted (pp. 282-5) as closely dependent on the "Terramare culture," and the Terramare culture is attributed by Mr. Walters to Umbrian "aborigines." An adjacent passage is worth italicising and quoting in full:

The earliest civilisation of which traces have survived in Italy is, as we have already seen, that of the Terramare, so called from the remains discovered in that district, covering the basin of the Eridanus or Po, but chiefly between Piacenza and Bologna. We have further seen that the *aboriginal* people to whom these remains belong are probably to be identified with the Umbrians, but it is perhaps safer to style them *Italiotes* (pp. 282-3).

Most people are under the impression that the Italiotes were the inhabitants of the Greek colonies in the South: but perhaps Mr. Walters wishes for a designation for his

Terramare "district," which shall include the Scoglio del Tonno.

To the Terramare pottery, that from Thapsus is regarded as "analogous" (p. 273), but there is no further mention here of Sicily, except a vague reference to "Mycenæan and Proto-Corinthian" vases in i. 86; and Sardinia (except as to Tharros) is not mentioned at all. Yet it is through the marked community of culture between Sardinia, Sicily, and such South Italian sites as Matera, that it has become possible to interpret, at all, the more fragmentary evidence from Remedello, Novilara, and the like. For it is not the case, as Mr. Walters says (p. 284) that in the Villanova stage "we now for the first time meet with tombs": the Museo Preistorico in Rome, and still more the museum of Syracuse, are eloquent as to that—not to mention the known burial-places of the Terramare folk. It is also inaccurate to describe (p. 284) the practice of inhumation in Italy as a "new system" attributable to Greek influence.

Nor is the description even of "Etruscan" culture adequate. Bologna, and also Este (p. 285), are assigned bodily to the "Etruscans"; but there is no account at all of the pot-fabrics of the latter site. Moreover, in spite of the thesis about Villanova, already cited, Etruscan pottery is taken (p. 303) to depend mainly on foreign models, and the first fabric to be treated systematically is the "Polledrara Ware" (p. 297). The published account of the excavations at Narce is simply summarised on p. 289, without allusion to the sequel: but perhaps Mr. Walters is prepared to defend its accuracy: and he is equally tender (in i. 64-5) to the memory of General di Cesnola.

The painted fabrics of early Sicily—Castelluccio and the sites near Girgenti and Palermo—are not included at all; and those of Apulia are treated only briefly. Note that the denial (p. 325) of the dependence of the "Peucetian" style on Mycenæan tradition is already antiquated by the series in the museum of Taranto.

There is, in fact, a very obvious reason why Mr. Walters should have diverged as he has done from the ampler plan laid down by Birch. In proportion as his subject leads him away from departments in which the British Museum is strong, and on which his own best work has been expended hitherto, his grip on his materials becomes looser, and his background of general knowledge less trustworthy; with the result that here and there in his book whole sections have been admitted which are regrettably imperfect, and some which are quite unworthy of the company in which they appear.

A book of this length is, of course, not written in a day; and it is difficult even to keep it up to date till it goes to the printer. But on p. 54, for example, Mr. Walters only knows by hearsay of finds at Dimini, though specimens of this pottery had reached the Fitzwilliam Museum already in 1901 or 1902, and the Ashmolean Museum, we believe, soon after. And it is a little late in the day to note, as on p. 53, that "fragments of painted pottery were seen by early travellers at Delphi" (with references to 1841 and 1835). On p. 67, also, certain vases "are said to be in the Louvre": in these days of *ententes* this might surely have been verified.

After much (perhaps over-captious) criticism of the consequences of what we venture to think an ill-judged design, may we pay a concluding tribute to the great beauty and accuracy of the illustrations, and especially of the coloured plates? We desiderate "... *εὑραφῆ*, ... *ἐπὶ τοῖς*" in the corner of every one.

SHAKESPEAREAN CRITICISM

Did Shakespeare write Titus Andronicus? A Study in Elizabethan Literature. By JOHN M. ROBERTSON. (Watts, 5s. net.)

On Ten Plays of Shakespeare. By STOPFORD A. BROOKE. (Constable, 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. ROBERTSON makes in this volume an incisive attack on those critics who assert that a work is by Shakespeare

because it has been held to be his in the past. He comes against them armed with sound logic and much learning, entering a solemn protest against their method, or rather lack of method. His argument is clear and convincing, and we heartily welcome this contribution to the work of defining clearly what is Shakespearean and what is not. After a thorough examination of *Titus* by means of all the usual technical tests, it is concluded that the play was an old one, many times re-cast, and that Greene and Peele are chiefly responsible for it in the form in which it has come down to us. The extraordinary thing is that there should exist students like Professor Collins and Mr. Baildon who need convincing on the point at issue. Considering that, of all Elizabethan plays, *Titus Andronicus* contains the most complicated series of inhuman and grossly repulsive orgies of lust and blood, it seems almost incomprehensible that any one should feel tempted to ascribe it to the hand which wrote—we will not say *Cymbeline* or *As You Like It*—but *Romeo and Juliet* or "The Rape of Lucrece." Mr. Robertson has conducted a mass of original research and studied an amount of technical criticism which would overwhelm any but the most undaunted specialist. His work is of that dry and thankless order which it is laborious to follow closely, but the conclusions of which we are thankful to accept.

Entirely different are Mr. Stopford Brooke's essays, or lectures, which belong to the kind of criticism which aims at doing our thinking for us. We are far from wishing to object to æsthetic criticism as a whole, or to rate it lower than the analytical method. On the contrary, we conceive that the formation of critical opinions based on wide reading and arrived at after mature reflection is the more vital process, and is likely to lead to results which, though they may be less precise and less easy to tabulate, are no less valuable from a literary standpoint. It is, indeed, impossible to compare the two, setting their values one against the other, for their aims are quite unlike. They supplement and do not interfere with each other. One seeks to ascertain the exact chronology of the plays, the technical advance or evolution of metre and style, and the traces of collaboration and re-handling: the other aims at understanding the psychology and rightly appreciating the dramatic and poetical qualities of the works. The second makes use of the results reached by the first, but can only employ its method to a slight and modified extent. Taking, therefore, Mr. Stopford Brooke's method and aims for granted, it remains to be seen what he has said in these pages which is illuminating or new, which will add to our pleasure in reading the plays or increase our understanding of them, which will alter or improve our point of view. To the reader who has thought much about Shakespeare and is not new to Shakespearean criticism the book is disappointing in its meagreness. It gives a summary of each play, often paraphrasing the speeches, commenting and explaining in the course of the narrative; the chief personages receive a few pages of characterisation, and the general effect of the play is lightly touched upon. The studies are lamentably slight, the average space allotted to each play being about thirty pages. The author, while not going beyond what has been said by his predecessors, writes almost as if he had had none. Difficult and disputed passages he barely indicates, and seldom sets forth two sides to a question with any adequacy. While hardly finding space to touch upon questions of multiple authorship, interpolations, differing versions or re-handling of the text, he yet devotes a few lines in more than one place to remarking that "Bacon could not possibly have written this passage." As a Shakespearean he has no faults, or only negative faults; he is generally sound, often felicitous, and a just admirer of genius; but the educated man will find little interest in reading this book beyond the mere curiosity to see whether or no he agrees with the author on each point. He will not feel that he is sitting at the feet of a master. The essays are good within their limits; but precisely because they keep within those limits their proper place is

not "all of a row" in a volume to themselves: they should figure as introductions to school editions of the separate plays. As it is, they will be found most useful to young people suffering from impotency of observation and paucity of ideas, unimaginative schoolmasters who are at a loss how to teach Shakespeare, and ladies living in the suburbs whose social duties will not leave them time to attend Extension Lectures.

A good example of Mr. Stopford Brooke's treatment, and one which will perhaps make our meaning clear, is his characterisation of Banquo. He sees in Banquo merely the white-souled hero of tradition, introduced chiefly as a foil to set Macbeth's darker nature in clear relief. He sees what many previous writers have seen, the difference in the attitudes of Banquo and Macbeth from those of the Witches, he sees Banquo's loyalty, his bravery, his love of natural beauty, his clarity of intellect. But he fails to notice one of the most important and perhaps the most interesting of the facts in Banquo's story, namely that before his death he is no longer the innocent man that he was in the first Act. The first hint of the change that comes over him is contained in the passage where he prays that the cursed thoughts which nature gives way to in repose may be restrained in him. And though, at the announcement of the murder of Duncan, his attitude is one of loyalty and honesty, he evidently drew back in the days following from carrying out what his words at the time implied:

let us meet
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand, and thence
Against the undivulged pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

We find him next as Macbeth's chief counsellor and the principal guest invited to the supper. Obviously he has not said anything to any one about the prophecies of the Witches, or about the suspicions which he must have entertained as to the real author or instigator of the murder. His speech beginning: "Thou hast it now," shows clearly his state of mind. The ambition aroused in him by the last part of the Witches' prophecy, concerning his descendants, has so far got the better of his conscience that he is content to see the first part fulfilled, without inquiring too closely into the means whereby the fulfilment was brought about. This development of Banquo's character, showing how a temptation similar to that which so easily gained a hold on Macbeth eventually overcame so fine a nature as his, and illustrating, as Professor Bradley aptly remarks, the incalculability of evil, is entirely overlooked by Mr. Stopford Brooke. And it is insufficiencies of this kind which render his studies ineffective except as elementary introductions to the plays. Still, in passing, any judgment on these essays, it must always be remembered that they were delivered as lectures. Therefore, in the first place, we cannot expect the author to say everything in a limited space; and, secondly, these pages are necessarily lacking in that added charm and interest whereby Mr. Stopford Brooke's personality as a lecturer always holds the attention of his audience.

LORD GOSCHEN'S ESSAYS

Essays and Addresses on Economic Questions, 1865-1893. With Introductory Notes. By the Rt. Hon. VISCOUNT GOSCHEN. (Arnold, 15s. net.)

THESE essays and addresses are republished without any omissions of substance, but in every case the writer has prefixed an introductory note, "with the object of bringing the light of the present day to bear upon these studies of the past." Lord Goschen is one of those whose writings carry conviction with them; and, while the public is greatly to be congratulated upon the appearance of this volume, we cannot forbear from offering to the author our tribute of respect on this account—that, with one noteworthy exception, his opinions of forty years ago were

absolutely sound, as his prognostications appear to have been absolutely justified.

Whether Lord Goschen will be recognised by future generations as a great Chancellor of the Exchequer we have some doubt. As a banker and man of finance his pre-eminence has scarcely been questioned, but in politics he was, perhaps, not "showy" enough to attain a high place in the estimate of the historian, and he was always too balanced and accurate for noisy popular esteem; but the Exchequer is an office where the moral influence, so to speak, of the head of the department lives after him, and, if succeeding Chancellors have followed sound principles of finance, it is not too much to say that Lord Goschen has, in our generation, done more than any living man to make it possible for them to do so.

In this volume it is the great banker, the great man of business with a wide understanding of the world's forces, who speaks to us, and, now that the personal element has so largely departed from the banking world in the unceasing acquisition of old private banks by the joint stock company, his words provoke a more considerable interest than they might have done twenty years ago.

Two Essays on the Bank rate, "Seven per cent." and "Two per cent.," possess great historical value. They deal with the period when joint stock enterprise was sowing its wild oats, and we have no conception nowadays, though our Stock Exchange is spasmodic and mercurial enough, of the horrible tension in the business world between 1864 and May 10, 1866, when Overend and Gurney closed their doors with a liability of nineteen millions. At the time many projects of economic imposture were suggested, notably by M. Pereire of the *Crédit Mobilier*, for relieving the tension, which was attributed not to scarcity of gold but to scarcity of notes.

On such a subject Lord Goschen wrote with admirable lucidity and force. Every reason but the right one was given for the over-trading and speculation which had led to the crisis. The Bank Charter Act was, it is true, suspended, but for three months the rate of interest was 10 per cent., and the reserves which, in May 1866, amounted to thirteen millions, were raised at the close of the year to twenty-eight millions—and, "while capital like any other commodities is encouraged, to migrate from the cheapest to the dearest market," it is, of course, plain that the further issue of notes with a Bank-rate artificially low could only have hastened their conversion into gold and its immediate export to some market where the rate was higher.

The financial troubles of 1866 were due to the growing diffusion of English capital for foreign purposes under the joint stock system and, "ceteris paribus, the rate of interest cannot fall below a point at which companies trading with foreign countries are willing to take it." After exaggerated confidence, exaggerated despondency characterised 1867 with its Bank rate of 2 per cent. But, save to the most solvent borrowers, money was never really cheap; it was not competing for hire, it merely refused to be hired on any terms whatever.

The crisis of 1866 had struck a blow at credit under which "our whole system reeled and staggered;" the result was seen in "2 per cent.," due to the limited reserves of a limited class being all concentrated "on a given spot and entrusted to an agency most scrupulously cautious." Thus Lord Goschen refers to the banking fraternity of 1868. He expresses some concern whether the joint stock banks will be equally prudent. There is, we think, no reason to doubt it—indeed, in some ways they are more cautious than the old private banks, and the country farmer, who could formerly procure an overdraft of £500 or £1000 after five minutes' chat in the bank parlour, to-day sues in vain for a fifth of this accommodation from the Manager's office, though his credit may be unquestioned. The personal relation has been destroyed; but it must be, we think, on the whole

a factor for solvency—and to-day "security not price" is the Banker's rule, even more inflexible than in 1868.

An interesting address on the "Prospects of Trade" in 1885 is included in the volume, in which emphasis is laid on the greater diffusion of capital, and the enormous increase in the number of those who, under the joint stock system, participate in the business profits of the nation. In 1885 the paid up capital of our registered companies was five hundred and ninety-one millions: in 1903 it had grown to the stupendous sum of one thousand eight hundred and fifty millions, and it is clear that this larger capital is distributed among a proportionately larger number of shareholders—surely a striking proof not only of national prosperity but of the wider distribution of wealth.

The address contains interesting reference to the expansion of our Colonial Trade, but it would have been more instructive if Lord Goschen had dissected the increase of these exports, a great part of which must, we think, have represented Colonial Loans raised in this country and carried to the borrower in the form of British "Exports;" and, if there be any correctness in the assertion that during the period referred to Australia was borrowing from us at the rate of eight or nine millions annually, an increase of exports from fourteen millions to twenty-seven millions is surely not very striking.

As regards our position compared with prosperous foreign nations, Lord Goschen, rightly we think, attributes our supremacy to our start in trade, "an immense advantage, but which naturally dwindles as other countries progress."

We are afraid that the article on "Laissez faire" would irritate both Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour, yet it must command the attention of every man who reflects that "every additional transfer of duties to the State saps the belief of the community in the value of natural liberty," and that originality of mind and individuality of character are the only sources of "any real progress and of most of the qualities which make the human race much superior to any herd of animals."

It is curious how "laissez-nous faire, laissez-nous passer", the impatient cry of the fiery revolutionary Physiocrats, is to-day attributed to "hard impassive theorists and cold-blooded economists;" certain it is, however, that the frame of mind which the catchword represents is out of favour.

Greater sensitiveness of the national conscience, calling for State remedies for moral evils and for more securities for the enforcement of the claims of humanity: growing discontent with the distribution of wealth and profits: the increasing demand for regulations, due to the difficulties of our complex and overcrowded social system—the necessity for the Executive to interfere more and more in the performance of functions for the discharge of which the ubiquity of its agents give it special facilities and the convenience of the public a special call—

such are the four reasons given by Lord Goschen for the abandonment of the principle of "Laissez faire," but he laments it less in 1905 than he did in 1883, when he addressed the Edinburgh Philosophical Society upon the same text. Twenty years ago it is clear that he was apprehensive of some serious attack upon private ownership in the name of the State—a fear which he admits, not without satisfaction, has proved groundless. But alas! his expectation that a devolution of powers from the Civil Service to Local Authorities would operate to check the collectivist instinct has proved equally groundless, for the zeal of the state official is reflected as in a gigantic magnifying mirror in the salaried clerk of the strong local bodies brought into being since 1888.

In such a matter as Municipal Trading the only test for the man in the street is: "What does it cost?" He vaguely laments the loss of the individual, but he notes his destruction on all hands; the Joint Stock Company, the Joint Stock Bank, the group of Insurance offices merged in a huge combine, the Borough Council's tram-car, the newspaper syndicate, each is eloquent of a collectivist movement; but nothing stirs him until his

pocket is reached, and that which the united conscience of the nation demands, whether it be Factory Acts, or Municipal Gas, or control of the Liquor Traffic, has to be paid for. The question to which Lord Goschen invites an answer is whether "the interference with freedom of action and contract has husbanded industrial resources by restraining the waste of them," or not. As Mill says:

There is in almost all forms of Government agency one thing which is compulsory, the provision of pecuniary means. These are derived from Taxation and the objection necessarily attaching to compulsory contributions is almost always aggravated by the expensive precautions and onerous restrictions which are indispensable to prevent an evasion of a compulsory tax.

The really interesting point in regard to our departure from the principle of "Laissez faire" is that, rightly or wrongly, one party to the present fiscal controversy undoubtedly holds that the action of the State, while effecting social improvement, has injuriously affected British trade, and upon this assumption bases a claim for Tariff protection.

We confidently recommend this volume to every student of economics and political science.

SONGS OF INNOCENCE

Odes and Elegies. By CLINTON SCOLLARD. (New York: Brown-
ing, \$1.35 net.)

Collected Sonnets of Lloyd Mifflin. Revised by the Author.
(Frowde, 10s. 6d. net.)

Preludes and Symphonies. By OLIVER GREY. (Routledge,
3s. 6d.)

In Old Northumbria. By R. H. FORSTER. (Long, 3s. 6d. net.)

Thoughts and Fancies of a Girl. By KITTY BALDERNIE. (Cassell,
2s.)

Ante-room Ballads. By "CENTURION." (Routledge, 2s. 6d.
net.)

Pro Patria and other Poems. By B. PAUL NEUMAN. (Brown,
Langham. 3s. 6d.)

WHEN the first careless enjoyment is over, there are few pleasures which poetry can give equal to that of tracing the experience and observation of the poet in the worlds of men and nature and literature. So richly do some poets reward us, in this kind, that we distrust the biographies which affect to show us the existence out of which the poetry arose: the difference between the biography and the poetry is as great as between a tree in June and the same tree in January. Others have so refined their experience, or apparently disregarded it, that we see in their lives (as they are written) no greater resemblance to their work than there is in a box of paints to a finished picture. In short, except to a patient philosophic mind, the biography is apt to seem but an impertinent comment on the poetry. The two are often in irreconcilable contrast, and though at their best—as in Byron's case—they may be harmonised into an incomparable portrait of a man, yet we often wish back again the first intuitions which came when our minds had free play among the poems. How splendid it was to wanton thus with Shelley and Keats! Hence, perhaps, a great part of the unique pleasure which contemporaries can give—we see and admire, but seldom know "how change the moons." We gain a more or less definite vision of the poet's landscapes, his reading, his preferences and so on; we rejoice partly at the beauty and partly at our own recognition of it. And unless we are able to convince ourselves, in some degree, that our poet is either a pure singer whose course is indistinguishable in mist, or a man whose emotions and experience we can be fairly sure of, he writes, for us, in vain. He writes the "songs of innocence" of the ordinary verse-writer—songs which may have charms, but leave us uncertain whether the writer has ever done anything but read. We have several such before us to-day.

Mr. Clinton Scollard is a conspicuous example. He is the author of thirteen volumes of verse and eight of prose;

yet, in this, his twenty-second book, we can learn nothing of him except that he has read Keats and has listened to music and seen some pictures. We have not found one sentence which perplexes us pleasantly and makes us wonder how he came to say that in that way. We cannot surprise him at any revelation. For example, he begins with a poem of a hundred and fifty lines on "The Dreamers." The men of science, he says, the adventurers, the soldiers, the statesmen, the musicians, the painters, the sculptors, the poets, all are dreamers. He says so. The merit of the poem has to depend upon his rhythms, his observation and his manner of recording it. His rhythms are raised above mediocrity only by their almost unvaried pomp. His style is in keeping; it is lacking in precision as much as in restraint. His observation is not anywhere betrayed. We find him speaking of "the incomparable charm that June-time brings," of "impetuous Alexander" flinging "his serried phalanx;" of Chopin "whose melodies are like chords of sleep," of "the peerless splendour of the Parthenon," of Homer's heroes striding "grandly before us in a peerless row:" phrases which only prove that Mr. Scollard has never learnt the value of words. Set him beside Mr. William H. Davies, who in three lines on a London fog has the wonderful detail:

And only blind men know the way,

and he is a child singing of inexperience. No man who really knew the importance of dreams and had dreams himself would have consented to leave out of a poem of that length all proof that he was sincere. June gave him a chance; surely he once saw a flower or heard a bird in June that left him unclogged by his marvellous facility in the multiplication of words; but if he did, he has not recorded it. In another poem he praises a dead man. On the first page he speaks of the dead man's dust, "wherefrom one day the violet may have birth." He has to suggest Arizona, and he can only say that it is like the Hell "that fancy pictured to the Florentine," and that "earth reveals no ghastlier, grimmer scene." We might also suppose that he had never known Arizona or death; his writing reveals the study only; and the result is that his by no means unskilled rhetoric is on the same level, in its effect, as an average political speech. Again, he laments McKinley—he, an adult man, we may assume, laments the murdered President in such words as:

And, with the sad intoning of the bells,
Bring immortelles.

Last, he has these words on a dream:

Then a surge of gold
Engulfed the rose-light, and clear Sirius paled
Into a dying point as o'er it rolled
The effulgent wave triumphant, and behold,
Day's immaterial splendour unassailed.

There is not, we think, any sentiment or observation in that which proves that Mr. Scollard ever watched the dawn.

Mr. Lloyd Mifflin is of the same school. We seem to neglect him only because he is famous in America, and there sitting where we dare not soar. The sonnet has a wonderful command of him. Three hundred and fifty times, in this volume, the sonnet has made him say grandiose or vague or sweet things which reveal nothing, except that the writer has been in the habit of reading poetry.

In Mr. Oliver Grey's "Preludes and Symphonies" we are in a different world. He teaches us at once not to expect observation or experience. He frankly uses only well-known themes, to which he is bold when he adds the decoration of a new epithet. He plays at verse as a child at "cat's cradles." He makes no pretence. He is bent on rearranging charming words, and he calls us to admire them for an hour. He could go on for ever writing as he writes "to Lilian learning Greek":

This dull Grammar holds the keys
To the realms of poesy;
Glimmering cities, fairy seas
Sleeping 'neath a summer sky.

And that is to poetry as coquetting is to love, and not unpleasant.

Mr. R. H. Foster, little as he has of Mr. Scollard's brittle pomp or Mr. Grey's thin sweetness, is of their school. That is to say that he uses verse, unconsciously perhaps, in order to give a more imposing dress to matters that do not concern him overmuch. Had he written in prose instead of blank verse, he would have used the same vocabulary: he might have been more terse, his descriptions would have been more laboured and full; but a plain man might put his verse into prose without doing it any harm. He chose blank verse as, a few generations ago, men chose the ballad form when they wanted to draw attention to a murder or a scandal, because verse is, to the majority, an unusual and dignified form. Verse puts the mayoral robes on the plain man. It is a harmless and artless deception. Mr. Forster wished to make the battle of Heavenfield impressive without loss of time, and he did it by means of lines like these:

Here on this lonely hill
Shall be our refuge and our haven of rest
To night, and ere another sunset throw
Its gorgeous mantle o'er the western sky,
Our castle and protection, to be famed
In England's annals while that England lasts . . .

So Oswald speaks; and it is good old-fashioned rhetoric, too.

Miss Kitty Balbarnie reveals no more than Mr. Forster, though she uses the lyric and the sonnet. Mr. R. B. Ransford introduces her to us, saying that some of her pieces "will endure and be sung the world over," and adding that her "lyre" has only sounded "under the pressure of suffering and the tension of pain." She is not yet sixteen. There is little more to be said except that it is a pity that one who is still a child should write like an ordinary man. Of childhood there is nothing here except its immaturity.

"Centurion" is probably a man of experience. He is a soldier and an officer; many of his poems were "scribbled in note books during the war in South Africa"; yet he does not here reveal anything but the natural desire to laugh in the face of experience. When he takes his pen in his hand, he dips it, not in "the hues of earthquake and eclipse," but in ink as futile as if it had to earn a living for him. His verses are an extraordinary example of the inability of most men to use their experience instead of their chance reading. Perhaps it was in the midst of sudden death that he wrote:

Who was it woke me every day,
With what he chose to call my "tay,"
Then set my clothing in array?
My servant!

and eight more verses on that theme. Well, probably it cheered without inebriating.

"Centurion" writes like a mere writer. Mr. Neuman fails either to be graceful and readable, or to knead his experience into verse. He just fails. Some of his verses are of a grave and restrained simplicity; others are touched with the spirit of a kindly, thoughtful and experienced man—yet never does he succeed in combining his experience and his serious style in such a way as to make poetry. He is always outside of his subject. He rouses our sympathy once or twice, not by art, but by writing that is always on a fair level and by a sentiment that is lofty and obviously sincere.

SIR ANDREW CLARKE

Life of Lieut.-General the Hon. Sir Andrew Clarke. Edited by Col. R. H. Vetch, C.B. (Murray, 15s. net.)

THE biographies of soldiers are not often so interesting as is the life of Sir Andrew Clarke, but a military officer's life is seldom of so varied a kind as was that of this son of the Empire. To have played a part in the early struggles of

two of the Australasian colonies, to have undertaken engineering works on a large scale, to have settled complex native problems in the Straits Settlements and to have served on the Viceroy's Council would have been enough for most men; but Sir Andrew Clarke was a man of such unceasing activity that these achievements were but a part of his career, and the training which he obtained in thus serving his country abroad only fitted him the better for becoming at home Commandant of the School of Military Engineering and Inspector-General of Fortifications. His career deserved a biography, if only as an example of how the servants of the Empire are made. It is true that his appointment to the high post of Inspector-General, at the age of fifty-eight, was much criticised, and as his namesake, Sir G. S. Clarke, says in the preface to his book:

There were actually persons who believed that Sir Andrew happened to be looking over a hedge somewhere in Victoria when Mr. Childers either stole a sheep or committed a murder—the story varied—and that the Inspector-Generalship was the reward of silence.

The cause of Sir Andrew Clarke's success in the various offices which he filled is probably to be traced in part to his faculty in recognising merit in his subordinates. It is a very rare gift, and Sir Andrew, like the late Sir Henry Cole, Superintendent of the South Kensington Museum, was an "astute detector of useful men." This gift was well used, as Colonel Vetch points out, when Captain G. S. Clarke was sent by Sir Andrew to Alexandria to make a detailed examination of, and report on, the effect of the bombardment. This officer, now well known as Sir George Clarke, had written an account of the defence of Plevna: its merits arrested the attention of Sir Andrew, with whom he was neither acquainted nor connected. That is but one example out of many of the detection of useful men. This alone shows that Sir Andrew was not an official of the stereotyped pattern, and the administrative changes which he made, and which bore so good a result, are an additional proof. Naturally, he did not always have the free hand which he desired, but even the work which he was not allowed to achieve serves to show how great was his craving to do something: criticism and academic exposition are not satisfactory by themselves to men of action.

After his retirement from the active list Sir Andrew Clarke served as an Agent-General for some time and devoted himself also to trying to teach lessons of efficiency. Some of his letters on Imperial defence are startlingly apposite at present. One letter in particular, which was published in 1889, deserves notice. After stating that "Germanised army corps are the mere luxuries of military ambition," he went on to say that:

instead of preaching impossible conscription and idly seeking to defend the greatest city of the world by cheap expedients, let us sink party spirit, departmental prejudices, even personal aims, in one great effort to create and maintain such a navy as will alone enable us calmly to face the unknown future, and to bear ourselves once more with dignity in the councils of Europe.

That sentence is of particular interest at the present moment. But whether it bear fruit or not, Colonel Vetch has every reason to be well contented with the fruits of his labour.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

NEW LIGHT ON CHAUCER'S "LEGENDE OF GOODE WOMEN"

OPINIONS differ as to the merit of the stories of faithful injured ladies to which Chaucer gave the collective title, "The Legende of Goo de Women." One of the very best of modern Chaucer critics, Professor Ker, is ever ready to defend these narratives of "Cupid's Saints." To other students Chaucer seems to have found the devotion of his *Heroides* a monotonous theme, and to have wearied of his task some time before he reached the ninth lady, with

whom he abandoned the martyrology which was to have celebrated nineteen. Again, it has lately been suggested that some of the stories may be early work in which the poet was feeling his way in the use of the decasyllabic couplets over which he ultimately attained so happy a mastery. Both the one suggestion and the other point to a feeling that in many of these tales Chaucer is not at his best, but against the Prologue to them no such veiled censures have ever been brought. In both of the two forms in which it has been preserved it is delightful. Whatever tremors he may have felt in their presence, Chaucer is as much at his ease in narrating the wrathful speech of Cupid and the pleading of Queen Alceste as in any of the talks of his *Canterbury Pilgrims*. Moreover, there is a simplicity—in the slang of to-day we might say a prefigurement of the Simple Life—in the picture of the courtier-poet, one of the King's Esquires, Comptroller of the Customs of the Port of London, a Justice of the Peace, and soon to be, if not already, a Member of Parliament for Kent, sleeping in his garden on a bank of green turf that he might rise the earlier to do observance to the Daisy, the most modest of flowers. In his "Troilus and Creseyde" Chaucer touches some at least of the notes of *Romeo and Juliet*. In this Prologue to the "Legende of Goode Women," with its delight in the flowers and the sun, its picture of Cupid's wrath and appeasement, and of the fair women singing their blade in honour of Alceste, we have an anticipation of some of the charm of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

The charm of the Prologue to the "Legende" will abide, it may even prove to have been heightened, but the discoveries of the last two years have given it a different turn. As we are now taught to know it, it is more literary, more of the Court and its amusements, and savours something less, it must be owned, of the simple life. It will be remembered that the Prologue begins with a praise of Books, from which we learn more than we could ever know of ourselves. There is a similar eulogy of books at the beginning of the "Parlement of Foules," and no doubt the resemblance helped to put Chaucer's editors off the scent, and make them think that the passage a few lines further on, in which the poet speaks of gleaning where others had reaped, referred only to Ovid and the other authors from whom the lives of the Good Women were compiled. As it stands in the version which we have all hitherto believed that Chaucer first wrote, it reads:

For wel I wot, that folk han her-beforn
Of making ropen, and lad away the corn;
And I come after, glening here and there
And am ful glad if I may finde an ere
Of any goodly word that they han left.
And, if hit happeth me reherseen eft
That they han in her fresshé songes sayd,
I hope that they wil nat ben evel apayd,
Sith hit is seid in forthering and honour
Of hem that either serven Leef or Flour.

The survival of a poem, long erroneously attributed to Chaucer himself, entitled "The Flower and the Leaf," supplied the information that lovers used to range themselves under these two banners, and provoked notes to the effect that this was the earliest reference to the dispute in English literature; but to the hint given in the allusion to "fresshé songes" every one save Tyrwhitt a century ago was blind. Yet a still stronger hint was available, for in another version of the Prologue, generally accepted as Chaucer's revision of the one from which we have quoted, the passage reads much more significantly:

But helpeth ye that han conning and might,
Ye lovers that can make of sentement;
In this cas oghte ye be diligent
To forthren me somewhat in my labour,
Whether ye ben with the Leef or with the Flour.
For wel I wot, that ye han her-biforn
Of making ropen, and lad away the corn;
And I come after, glening here and there,
And am ful glad if I may finde an ere
Of any goodly word that ye han left.
And thogh it happen me rehercen eft

That ye han in your fresshé songes sayd,
Forbereth me, and beth not evel apayd,
Sin that ye see I do hit in the honour
Of love, and eek in service of the flour,
Whom that I serve as I have wit or might.

That the "ye" to whom this direct appeal is made must be some contemporary poets now seems unmistakable, but the clue to their identity lay hid in French manuscripts, and it was only when progress had been made with publishing the works of Eustache Deschamps that the meaning of the passage became clear. The honour of discovering it (a fitting reward for his many services to English literature) fell to Professor Kittredge of Harvard, who, in a brilliant article in *Modern Philology* (Chicago, 1903), on "Chaucer and some of his Friends," showed that several of Deschamps's poems were concerned with the rivalry of the Flower and the Leaf, and that one of these was written about this very time in honour of Philippa of Lancaster, daughter of Chaucer's patron, John of Gaunt. Now, Eustache Deschamps was already known as a friend or admirer of Chaucer, to whom he wrote a balade with the refrain, which now seems to us a little unkind, "Grant translateur, noble Geoffroi Chaucier," and sent therewith by the hands of Sir Lewis Clifford some poems of his own for Chaucer's approval.

The clue which one good American had thus discovered another good American quickly followed up, and the story, which can here only be epitomised, will be found in full, with an exhaustive discussion of its bearings on Chaucer's poetry, in two papers contributed by Mr. John L. Lowes, also of Harvard, to the Publications of the Modern Language Association of America for December 1904 and 1905. Here he shows that for the celebration of May-day by Charles VI. of France at Vincennes in 1385 Deschamps had written a "Lai de Franchise" contrasting the pomp of the King's Court with the simple maying of Robin and Marion, and that some of the most familiar lines in Chaucer's Prologue are taken from this "Lai de Franchise" of Deschamps, from the "Paradys d'Amours" and other poems by Chaucer's old acquaintance, the chronicler Froissart, and from his other French favourite, Guillaume Machault. He has taken some lines also from Boccaccio's "Filostrato" (the poem on which he drew for his "Troilus"), but it is from Deschamps, Froissart and Machault, and their poems in honour of sundry fair Marguerites, that he borrows the lines so often quoted as autobiographical.

Now have I than swich a condicioun
That of allé the flourés in the mede
Than love I most these flourés whyte and rede,
Swiche as men callen dayies in our toun.
To hem have I so greet affeccoun,
As I seyde erst, whan comen is the May,
That in my bed ther daweth me no day
That I nam up, and walkyng in the mede
To seen this flour agein the sonnè sprede,
Whan hit upryseth erly by the morwe.

For a dozen lines more the borrowing goes on, not as men borrow with their eyes fixed on a book, but as a poet borrows who wants to remind his poet friends of how well their songs are printed on his memory. It is at the end of these borrowings that we come to the apostrophe to "ye lovers that can make of sentement" already quoted, and now its full meaning is clear. Instead of filling his lines with the names of his French friends and the titles of their poems, Chaucer literally gleans from them, and then tells them what he is doing and asks their help. "I should be but a nettle in your garden" Deschamps had written to Chaucer, and the Englishman writes back: "On the contrary I can but glean what you and your friends have left for me to pick up," and having thus made matters right, and cemented this poetic *entente cordiale* amid the horrors and stupidities of the Hundred Years War, he proceeds, as Mr. Lowes shows, to take very considerable hints for the framework of his Prologue from both the "Lai de Franchise" and the "Paradys d'Amour."

One certain result from Mr. Lowes's pamphlets is that

what has hitherto been regarded as the later form of Chaucer's Prologue to the "Legende" is undoubtedly the earlier. The interchange of courtesies between Chaucer and his French friends is very pretty and charming. It is good also to have yet another instance of the absolute originality which Chaucer could give to his borrowings. Much less pleasant—though wholesome—is it to be reminded yet once more of the extreme danger of taking any word which Chaucer writes about himself in verse as literally true. This is a hard lesson to learn. Even Mr. Lowes has not learnt it quite perfectly, for in his second paper he catches himself repeating the argument that, as there would be no garden to have a "herber" in attached to Aldgate gatehouse, Chaucer must have been living somewhere else when he wrote the Prologue. Reluctantly he admits that reasoning of this kind will no longer hold good. Well! it is another illusion gone. But after all Chaucer was nearer fifty than forty when he wrote the "Legende" and nights are still cold in May. He would not have "conveyed" the lines about the early worship of the daisy had he not approved it as quite a nice thing for young men to do, but for an elderly poet it was doubtless much better to stay in bed and read pretty French poems in comfort, undisturbed by more rheumatism than a man must needs expect!

ALFRED W. POLLARD.

* * * As I have been writing about "The Legende of Goode Women," there is a point which I should like to make about its title, as it has not, to my knowledge, been brought out by Chaucer's commentators and is a good deal obscured by Dr. Murray's treatment of the word *Legend* in the Oxford English Dictionary. In the Prologue, as a punishment for his heresy against Love's law, Chaucer is condemned to a literary penance. "Thou shalte," he is told,

Whyl that thou livest, yeer by yere,
The mosté party of thy lyvé spendé,
In making of a glorious Legendé
Of Godé Wommen, maidenes and wyvés,
That weré trewe in loveing al hir lyvés.

Dr. Murray quotes the second and third lines of the passage as his first example of the use of the word *legend* in the sense of "a story, history, account." There can, I think, be little doubt that its true meaning here is that of a Lectionary or Book of Lessons. The *Sarum Legenda* was a well-known book in mediæval England. It has lately been shown that an edition of it was published by Caxton, and that this, and not "The Golden Legend," was the book of which he bequeathed copies to the churchwardens of St. Margaret's. Now the third set of lessons, to be read on any day in church, were taken in whole or part from the lives of the Saints commemorated on that day. They were read at the second of the three Nocturns into which Mattins was divided, and, their contents being for the most part highly miraculous, "to lie like a second nocturn" became a mediæval proverb. Thus, when Love bids Chaucer make "a gloriouse Legende of Gode Wommen," it is clear that he is bidding him contribute to his worship by composing a lectionary in honour of his martyrs, and it is exactly in accordance with this that we have the reference in the Man of Law's Prologue in the Canterbury Tales to Chaucer's "largé volume," "cleped the Seintes Legende of Cupyde," i.e., the *Legenda* or Lectionary of Cupid's Saints. We still speak of Cupid as a god, and Chaucer, with the mediæval love of detail, argues that, if he were a god, women who died for their loyalty were his saints and martyrs, and set himself to provide a Lectionary in their honour. To gloss the word "story, history, or account," empties it of its special meaning and spoils the point.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "The Earliest Modern Novelist," by Edward Wright.]

THE DOWNSMAN IN EXILE

THE Downsman in far city
May not his home forget:
The spacious hills of many a fold
He sees in vision yet.
His fancy flies the crowded streets,
The noise, the stir of town,
And peace is his where shepherds watch
All silent on the Down.

He marks anew the gracious slopes
That dip to Weald and coomb;
He hies to valleys all aglow
With fire of gorse in bloom;
He comes to the old beacon's crest
The Weald before him spread;
The quiet villages he sees
Where Sussex words are said.

And kind his heart to all he sees,
To plain as well as hill;
But kindest to the open Down,
Where one may have his will;
May roam from morn till day be done,
Nor meet forbidding board;
Where is no path that one must tread,
But free to all the sward.

So sighs the Downsman far away
For hills that others roam;
So from the midst of alien streets
His thoughts they fly to home.
Still dreaming of the upland ways
Unwon to love of town,
He holds above all places best
The land of the South Down.

CHARLES HART.

FICTION

John Carruthers, Indian Policeman. By Sir EDMUND C. COX, Bart. (Cassell, 3s. 6d.)

THESE little tales of the experience of an Indian policeman are very ingenious and cleverly worked up. Give John Carruthers three hairs upon a table-cover, or a score or two of loose bricks, and he will build up, or demolish, an elaborate structure of intrigue and crime. As a rule, there is only a single thread to disentangle, partners and complications are avoided, the stories are short and brisk, and all to the glory of the narrator's astuteness. "The Rajapur Case," "The Stolen Dispatch," and "The Dutch Engineer" are perhaps the most striking examples of the author's invention, but most of them illustrate some interesting phase of native life. "Romeo and Juliet" is not altogether convincing, and "The Last Story" is the weakest in the volume. John Carruthers is one among hundreds of inconspicuous good men who think and act imperially in the out-of-the-world corner whither duty sends them, and by their just, if sometimes arbitrary, proceedings maintain a wholesome fear of the British Raj. They are lucky if they win for themselves the coveted K.C.S.I., £500 a year, and a country cottage. There are other compensations, however: leisure to record their extraordinary experiences for the enlightenment and amusement of home-keeping folk who could not describe off-hand the difference between a Hindu and a Brahman. Sir Edmund Cox gives his information very neatly in the course of strange and stirring scenes, and if the tales are not all true, they are all true enough and generally entertaining.

Her Highness. By FRED WISHAW. (Long, 6s.)

WITH a canting fool for a hero, two professional flirts for heroines, and the Russian Court in the days of the Empress Elizabeth for background, it may be imagined that "Her

Highness" is not a very savoury story. Nor, it must be confessed, is it very interesting. Russian history is a domain with which Mr. Wishaw is fairly familiar, but he has given us much more enthralling and much better written stories than this. He tells us of Catherine—the Princess of a little German state, who cemented her hold on the throne of all the Russias with the blood of her husband—without ever once making us feel the character of the woman he is describing. Sir Guy Maxwell, it may be supposed, is meant to pass for a man of honour, but he is, after all, little more than a lay figure who holds impossibly honourable opinions because they fit him into the scheme of the story. And Mr. Wishaw himself very aptly describes Phyllis Seymour as a wax doll. However, there are adventures, there is intrigue, and there is, occasionally, a page or two of exciting incident. So that an hour spent with the book may not lack amusement.

A Madcap Marriage. By M. McD. BODKIN. (Long, 6s.)

THIS is a book by a writer of pleasant things, which, but for the fact of its being absolutely and utterly unconvincing, would be more than a little unpleasant. But since from the first the happenings and characters in "A Madcap Marriage" are quite impossible, it is useless to take the hero and heroine and their doings seriously, and we need not therefore seek for any very severe adjective with which to qualify the hero's conduct in particular. That a man could masquerade as a woman, or a woman as a man, so successfully as Frank Dalton and Florence Martyn are supposed to do, especially in clothes dropped on in the most haphazard fashion, is an impossibility. That a decent man, or a modest girl, should carry this doubtful jest to the extremes this couple do, is an impossibility, or a possibility that kills all interest in them. That a man should, in five short years, utterly forget the face of the girl he makes his wife in such a very irregular, not to say shady manner, is an impossibility. Impossible also, are most of the incidents in the Boer Campaign, where "Mrs. Marshall," as Florence Martyn chooses to call herself, coaxes a prominent British Colonel into insisting on her being taken on the nursing staff going to the front. There she, of course, proves invaluable to her forgetful husband—a surgeon-major, within five years of passing the Army Medical. Lucky man! We have quoted only a few of the impossibilities in "A Madcap Marriage," and, honestly, bearing in mind Mr. Bodkin's reputation and the charm and wit of his previous works, we wish that he had found the publication of this book an impossibility too.

THE DRAMA

"ELECTRA" AT THE COURT THEATRE

IF all who go to see the *Electra* acted in English will read Professor Gilbert Murray's Introduction and Notes, and Professor Tyrrell's review of the book in THE ACADEMY for December 20, 1905, they will go well primed. Indeed, there is little or nothing that can be added. Only this question arises: How does the play act? It is an important question, for too often it happens that plays which interest or enthrall in the study fall flat when seen in the theatre. There is, in this case, only one answer; it acts exceedingly well. Those who saw *The Trojan Women* at the same theatre last year may remember, perhaps, how the desolation, the woe, the sense of great things gone, became almost unbearable before the play was out. But for the occasional relief of added horror, there was one note, and one only throughout—the wailing of women; and since the emotions can only stand a certain amount of strain at a time, the cumulative effect of all this woe was to deaden the spirit to something not far from callousness. There is nothing of that kind in the *Electra*. Euripides was a skilled playwright, besides being a far-seeing judge of human nature. He knew, as we say, how to "construct

a play; and in this play he keeps rousing our interest and stirring our emotions, so that every feeling shall be the finest and strongest of its kind, yet never pass through excess into numbness. The strange tenderness of Electra's peasant-husband, the desolation of Electra herself, bowed by poverty, labour and despair, her swift passages of hope and fear, her outburst of joy on learning that the stranger is indeed Orestes, the dreadful eagerness of the plotting of the double murder, and all the passage of events through the hideous deed to the appearance of Castor and Polydeuces above, and that exquisitely pathetic departure of Electra with Pylades:

ORESTES: O faithful unto death,
Thou goest?
ELECTRA: Aye, I pass from you,
Soft-eyed at last;

this mixture of pathos, tenderness, horror, hope, fear, love, hatred, mourning and joy, makes up a play that is as full as any we know, new or old, of the intellectual and emotional excitement for which we go to the theatre. And how skilfully it is all contrived! When the deaths of Aegisthus and Clytemnestra have been plotted between Orestes, Electra, and the old man, their friend, the three pray together to the gods for vengeance. That prayer, so placed, coming, as it does, just at the close of what the producers of this version have wisely made the end of the first part, just before the breathing-space that is to usher in the double doom, is one of the most effective things we have seen on the stage.

"There is, perhaps," writes Dr. Murray, "no woman's character in the range of Greek tragedy so profoundly studied," as that of Electra in this play. To see the part acted by Miss Wynne-Matthison was to see deeper into the character than ever. Hers was a performance it would be difficult to praise too highly. She made no attempt to soften the woman into any petty prettinesses. A bitter woman this, childless, loveless, save for the love of her brother and of her father's memory, eaten away with hatred and the longing for revenge and the sense of her wrongs, remorseless, cruel, hard: but still enshrining somewhere within her the graciousness that should have been hers had her life gone smoothly, able to thank her peasant husband for his forbearance and to pass, after the deed is done and the doom has been spoken, "soft-eyed at last." Not a shade of character was lost, and yet there was no extravagance of passion. Mr. Harcourt Williams made a passable Orestes, Mr. Barnes an admirable old man, and Miss Edyth Olive played Clytemnestra powerfully in her one short scene. The appearance of Castor and Polydeuces, the *dei ex machina*, was cleverly managed, and the setting of the play entirely satisfactory. The performance will be repeated on the afternoons of January 23, 26, and 30, and February 2.

"LA RAFALE" AT THE NEW ROYALTY THEATRE

HAVING seen *La Rafale*, one can well understand that Mme. Simone le Bary, for all her small eccentricities and occasional amateurishness, was an ideal impersonator of Hélène de Bréchebel. For this is a part which not only requires acting, it requires expressing. It demands a fiery, impulsive temperament. Anything else ruins the verisimilitude of the story.

Hélène is a young girl, married for convenience, according to her parents' wishes, and loved by two other men—one a rich cousin, the other a ruined gambler. The first, Amédée she has liked, the second, Robert, she does love. She learns that Robert is on the brink of ruin, that he is compromised for a huge sum which must be paid in a very short time. She throws herself into the breach with all her heart and soul. First she tries to raise money on her jewels; that will take too long. Then she tries to get Amédée to lend it her; finally she has recourse to her

father. He will let her have it, on condition that Robert leaves the country. This she refuses. At her wit's end, she goes back to Amédée, agrees to his terms, and comes the next day to tell Robert the news. As she arrives Robert shoots himself.

From this brief outline it may be seen that, though Hélène is a heroine, she is one who, like Joan of Arc, is spurred on solely by nerves. What she does, she does under sheer stress of excitement. There is no pause for reflection; indeed, she hardly realises what is happening during the tempest of passion through which she passes. Her mind is fixed on her lover's salvation, and the means are justified by the end.

It stands to reason, therefore, that Mme. Réjane cannot be wholly satisfactory in the part. Once or twice, when she forgets her audience, she is magnificent, but her Hélène is not the feverish, ill-controlled nature that the author had in mind. The play leaves off at an interesting point. We could almost forgive M. Bernstein for writing a sequel dealing with Hélène after Robert's death.

FINE ART

THE OLD MASTERS—II

THE picture that has aroused most interest from the historical point of view is the portrait group by Frans Hals. This appears to have hung forgotten and unidentified for many years in an English country house, but now that it has been exhibited, for the first time, it has been recognised at once as unmistakably by the hand of the master. I agree with Mr. MacColl in the doubt he expresses as to its being a portrait of the painter and his family, but I should not give as a reason for that doubt, the difficulty of painting one's own portrait in the momentary action he has chosen. Such problems presented no difficulty whatever to Hals. It is not to be supposed that each of the figures in his famous groups at Haarlem was posed as a whole person in the position we see it. Probably, having made a sketch group, he painted the heads from each model, and the figures from one or two professional models, and he would use the same method in painting his own portrait. The authentic portrait of himself, with his wife, is in a posture no less impossible for the artist to represent directly from nature. The skill involved in dealing with such a method without the slightest evidence of dovetailing, piece-meal work or stolidity, is unique of its kind. My reason, however, for doubting it as a portrait of Hals is the difference in the features, and especially the character of the man.

We see in the Duke of Westminster's and Earl Spencer's portraits that Hals had a hard, keen, rather sly and unpleasant face, a face which prepares us for the summons at the police court which he underwent for ill-treating his wife, Annette Hermansz, with the injunction that he would in future eschew "Dronken schappij." He, who was the painter of geniality, was not a genial man, surely, but a keen and ruthless observer, and the slight grin of complacency in the other portrait, with his second wife, is not re-assuring. The portrait here lent by Colonel Warde is that of a more amiable and perhaps more stupid person. As a picture it shows the most characteristic features, the intense vivacity, the brilliant brush-work, and the defect that is nearly always to be found in his blacks, which are inky and harsh. The background of trees is by another hand, possibly Ruysdael, and is quite out of keeping in its rounded and feeble elaboration.

Returning to the English pictures, a minor painter, William Hilton, R.A., comes out with astonishing power in his portrait of his sister, Mrs. De Wint. We are strongly reminded of Mr. Sargent in this *tour de force*, but there is a sweetness and elegance that are reminiscent of Lawrence also. It is a very ambitious work, a little rhetorical and melodramatic in the gesture of the passionate mother

clasping the child while he fondles her hair, but the dash and skill are undeniable. By George Vincent, another artist who died young, at thirty-four, are three pictures, the best of which is the view of *Greenwich Hospital*; its chief fault is the overcrowding of the shipping in the foreground.

As to the masterpieces by the great men here, the *Miss Adney* of Gainsborough, *Miss Gore* of Sir Joshua, the *Lake of Nemi* of Richard Wilson, what can one do but worship in silence and with regret and wonder that the sound tradition of their craftsmanship, with its intimate connection with its precursors, Rembrandt, Claude, Titian, should have been entirely lost and forgotten? When we enter the two last galleries, one of the reasons is plainly apparent, in the pictures of the Pre-Raphaelite school. The breach that was appearing in the Academic works of Wilkie and Mulready, etc., was widened of *parti pris* by Rossetti and Millais, and by this time it is a yawning gulf that all the efforts of our time will not span. After Reynolds and Gainsborough, how vulgar appear Millais and Rossetti, how silly Burne-Jones, how degraded and unclean Simeon Solomon! Alfred Hunt, Lord Leighton, Colin Hunter, what poor stuff it all is!

This is the best that the immediate past has to show, and it is as superior to the work of the present day as it is inferior to the great period. One painter alone stands out, great and to be measured with the great, Watts in the *Amber Necklace*, and it is Watts at his best period. After this his megalomaniac tendencies developed into monstrous proportions. Ever snatching at the Fata Morgana of his ideal, he did not perceive that he had already achieved the summit of great art, and that further development was impossible.

B. S.

MUSIC

FROM ACROSS THE SEAS

"SEA-PIECES," "New England Idylls," "Four Songs" and his fourth piano Sonata—"The Keltic"—are a group of compositions which may be taken to represent the mature powers of Edward MacDowell. He is an American composer whose name stands high among his countrymen, but up to the present his fame in England rests upon report rather than experience, so that it was with particular interest that I opened this parcel of specimens kindly sent to me by Messrs. Elkin and Co., the publishers in England. Attracted by the charming exterior, a cover of rough pale green paper with a breezy sea-sketch for frontispiece, I betook myself to the sea-pieces first. They are eight miniature pieces for piano solo with suggestive titles and short quotations of verse, which help to reveal the composer's standpoint. The titles are—"To the Sea," "From a Wandering Iceberg," "A.D. 1620," "Starlight," "Song," "From the Depths," "Nautilus," "In Mid Ocean." The first is built of broad phrases and is full of rich harmonic colouring. It looks orchestral on paper but sounds pianistic on the piano. The composer's directions given in English, as "With dignity and breadth," "Well bound throughout," "Soft, but very full and sonorous," describe the treatment. He quotes the line: "Ocean, thou mighty monster," and has attempted to compress within narrow limits the impression of power and expanse which it inspires, as if to hear the ocean roaring in the shell. Number 2, "From a Wandering Iceberg," is interesting as a study of MacDowell's position as regards harmonic structure. His key-signature indicates E major and, though much of the little piece is definitely in E minor, yet one may say that there is no real modulation, since E tonality is never really left. Incidentally, however, extremely remote harmonies are passed through, giving a sense of vagueness which is of course intentional, while the frequent use of a dominant pedal keeps one always in touch with the key. With this, Number 4, "Starlight," may well be compared, where he

spends the first half making his audience entirely lose their way as regards key, and the second half in finding it again. Between these two fanciful sketches, which, it must be said, suggest improvisation rather than composition, the resolution implied in the broad and rhythmic tune of "A.D. 1620" comes as a welcome relief. This is definite in key, simple in harmony, and as a piece of music is more successful than either of the earlier ones, because clearer and less dependent upon the skill of the pianist for effect. The "Song," from its likeness in rhythm and colour to the themes of Dvořák's "New World" Symphony, may be supposed to be American in flavour, and the verse which heads it:

A merry song, a chorus brave,
And yet a high regret
For roses sweet, in woodland lanes—
Ah, love can ne'er forget!

suggests the thought of a home country. Its tunes are simple and charming. "From the Depths" and "In Mid Ocean" (Numbers 6 and 8) have an obvious affinity of intention and may be compared with Number 1. They are however, more elaborate and make much more severe demands upon the pianist's technique. They are powerful pieces of piano tone, especially Number 6, which is unified by a fine swinging rhythm and an insistent use of pedal notes. Between these two, "Nautilus," "A fairy sail and a fairy boat," stands as a dainty lyric piece, and reminds one of the grace of Grieg's *Lyrische Stücke*.

Though I have only attempted to mention salient features in the individual numbers of this set, I cannot even do that with the set of ten "land" pieces which make up the "New England Idylls." In these, as in the Sea pieces, there is most refreshing variety. Dainty and piquant melody is joined with great freedom of harmony; and some of them are sufficiently simple in technical requirement to be played with pleasure by ordinary human beings, an important point in pianoforte literature which most modern writers entirely ignore. This type of music, with its suggestion of a programme, not pressed home too hard, or taken in a grossly literal sense, is what generally earns for itself in the cant of modern criticism the epithet "poetic" and for its author the title of a "tone poet." Such phraseology is as unfortunate as that which describes poetry, remarkable rather for its mellifluous diction than for its substance, as "musical." In each case the external accessories of a great art are taken as representative of it: a sense of picturesque imagery and a dreamy imaginative power are taken to be the first qualities of poetry, as the jingle of sweet sounds is too often mistaken for music. These little pieces of MacDowell's come with an individuality and freshness which make them very welcome, but they are not in themselves sufficient to constitute their author a great tone-poet, or—to use a safe and a saner phrase—a great musician. To test this we must examine a larger work in which more distinctively musical issues are involved than merely a picturesque characterisation. Nothing could offer a better opportunity for this than a work in Sonata form; and in his "Keltic" Sonata we have one of MacDowell's most mature works. Again, the title and a stanza of poetry calling up visions of hero and heroine in the persons of Cuchullin and Deirdre suggest a subject-matter of mystery and romance outside the music; but whatever additional charm this may lend, and it is considerable, it cannot in the case of a Sonata usurp the place of intrinsic musical worth.

The "Keltic" Sonata in E minor is in three movements, the first of which is in a modified "first movement" form. It opens with a bold subject, its principal theme, which after some extension culminates in a downward passage of emphatic chords over a tonic pedal. This leads into a mysterious sounding chromatic passage which begins very soft and rises to a great crescendo. It is difficult to describe, for although there are suggestions of the first subject interwoven with chromatic harmonics, the sound is vague until the summit of the crescendo is reached,

where chromatically descending harmonics lead evidently towards a cadence. It must be noted, however, that although this is the usual transitional passage between first and second subject, yet it has performed no modulating function, since the cadence here approached, and only avoided at the last moment, is one in E minor. The second subject, consisting chiefly of a repeated downward arpeggio in G major: it has charming expressive qualities, but is indistinctive, suggesting rather a codetta figure than a principal theme. It arrives at a definite cadence in G major from which the development begins. In this section there is much of which it is extremely difficult to trace the origin. There are gleams and reminiscences of the principal theme amidst the excitement and emotion, which is lashed up into a fury reminding one rather painfully of Liszt. A fine point, however, is made where a recollection of the first subject is given in the key of G minor as a central point in the development, but this in itself reveals what is the weakness of the movement viewed from the point of view of a Sonata. Bold as was its effect when thundered forth at the opening of the Sonata, in reality this theme lacks melodic outline. So indistinguishable is it that the composer has never used it again nor appeared to remember more of it than its general rhythm. The recapitulation of both subjects with the coda is condensed into a single page, in which a suggestion rather than a repetition of both subjects is given in the key of E major. It is no mere lack of compliance with established forms of which I complain in this movement, but a poverty of musical material which requires a modification of form, legitimate in itself, in order to escape detection. The other two movements, of which I cannot speak in detail, are more satisfactory in this way. The slow movement has for its principal theme a charming tune, whose dreamy wanderings and effects of pure tone and colour are more in place than in the rigorous first movement. The last movement supplies the place of both Scherzo and Finale, and is well knit together by a strong rhythm. Even here, however, I cannot avoid the impression that the composer does not realise the value to an audience of exact repetition. Throughout this Sonata MacDowell's method of using remote and unfamiliar harmonies always in connection with a definite key-centrestands him in good stead, and gives at once an interest and coherence which would fain make amends for the absence of distinctive melody. Nothing, however, can do so, neither this nor the stories of old time which float through the composer's brain as he writes, and may perhaps find a place in the thoughts of the listener. Cuchullin and Deirdre, heroism and beauty, these are no new considerations to the poet either in musical tone or in language. The great ones, from Homer to Beethoven, have been occupied with these things and, so far from condoning imperfections of expression, where they are concerned, we can admit none but the most perfect. Of the songs I cannot now speak particularly, but one may hope for another opportunity of discussing MacDowell as a song-writer as well as other phases of his art, when we in England have had fuller opportunity of judging it by the best test, that of practical experience.

H. C. C.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

"PARTY Organisation and Machinery in the United States," by Professor Jesse Macy, of Iowa, is a book that will be found interesting now that the General Election is upon us. It deals with the whole work of Party Organisation in the States. It is full of information and ideas on all means of bringing about Party success, and will prove an indispensable store of practical knowledge. Chapters are included on Party Finance, the Party in Power and in Opposition, and on Party Loyalty, and election machinery is fully treated. Mr. Unwin is the publisher.

Through the drift of mankind to the cities, no economic

question is of more interest at the present day than that of municipal organisation. This subject is discussed in a book entitled "The City; the Hope of Democracy," which will be published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin on January 22. The author, Mr. F. C. Howe, is an American, who, as his sub-title attests, believes in the city. But he maintains that, if the city is to be a success, the people must take charge of things and abolish the monopolies and privileges which now lead to corruption. Municipal ownership is strenuously advocated, and the book also deals with such problems as tenements, reformatories, taxation, the prevention of crime, and "the City Beautiful." The work is based upon personal administrative experience and a thorough study of the conditions which prevail in the large towns of Great Britain and the United States.

Mrs. Cobden Unwin's book "The Hungry Forties: An account of Life under the Bread Tax from the Letters of Living Witnesses," was originally published at six shillings. Last year a sixpenny edition (revised) was issued. This edition—a large one—is now nearly exhausted, and on January 22 Mr. Unwin will bring out a new sixpenny impression. Other ventures of Mr. Unwin's in the political line are an edition in five sixpenny parts of Mr. Morley's "Life of Cobden," and a new impression of Mr. G. J. Holyoake's "Public Speaking and Debate: a Manual for Advocates and Agitators."

Mr. Walter A. Locks has written a series of Historical Stories which are connected with Old Ilford and its neighbourhood. It is announced under the title "A Maid in Armour and other Tales of Olde Ilford," by Mr. Elliot Stock.

Mr. Guy Thorne, the author of "When it was Dark," is to have an answer to his theories published very shortly. Mr. John Long is about to publish "When it was Light," by a well-known author.

"Mrs. Erricker's Reputation" is the title of a new novel by Mr. Thomas Cobb, which Alston Rivers will publish towards the end of the present month. A second impression of "The Pursuit of Mr. Faviel," by Mr. R. E. Vernede, is announced by the same firm.

The title of Mrs. Mary E. Mann's new novel, which Messrs. Methuen are to issue on the 25th, is "Rose at Honeypot." Rose Abra is the wife of a naval officer, who, during the three years' absence on foreign service of her husband, tires of the home with his sisters in which he has placed her. Her imagination kindled by the spell of writers on the country life and the English peasant, she determines to flee from the petty restraints, the social absurdities of her conventional surroundings to the wild heart of nature, to association with the noble beings who "eat and sleep with the earth." With the lady's subsequent adventures in the home of a Norfolk farm-labourer, Mrs. Mann's latest book concerns itself.

Messrs. Methuen will also issue shortly a new edition of Miss Beatrice Harraden's book, "In Varying Moods."

In connection with the Exhibition of the Staats Forbés Collection of Millet Drawings now being held at the Leicester Galleries, Mr. Heinemann announces a volume of fifty facsimile reproductions of Millet's drawings, the edition to be limited to three hundred numbered copies and to be published in the spring.

The St. Bride's Press will publish on February 1 an important work on "The Gambia Colony and Protectorate," by Francis Bisset Archer, the Treasurer of the Colony. It deals not only with matters of local interest, but details at length the history of West Africa, in its relation to the Colony, from the time of the earliest explorers. The book is fully illustrated with maps not hitherto published, and from photographs specially taken, and it has for frontispiece a photogravure portrait of the Governor, Sir G. C. Denton, K.C.M.G.

If 1905 was a slack year with most of our leading novelists, they are "putting on a spurt" in the first three months of this year. Though Mr. Rudyard Kipling is giving us no big work, he has a volume of short stories coming out within a short time. Sir A. Conan Doyle's

"Sir Nigel" which is appearing as a serial in the *Strand Magazine* is to be published in book form by Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co., and Messrs. Methuen announce Mr. R. S. Hichens's new book, "The Call of the Blood." Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe's next book will be called "A Benedick in Arcady," and Mr. John Oxenham is also giving us "Giant Circumstance" in volume form. It is interesting to note that in all there were 1731 novels published last year. How many people could sit down and write out the names of, say, the odd thirty-one in half an hour, without reference to any book or bookshelf?

Mr. Heinemann is bringing out on January 24, a volume entitled "Frenzied Finance," by T. W. Lawson. The articles on which the book is based have appeared in *Everybody's Magazine*, and caused in America one of the greatest financial upheavals of recent years, which was reflected acutely in England. The book is of the most vital interest, and will appeal to everybody in any way connected with the tortuous ways of the modern financial juggler.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE CLYDE MYSTERY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have read with very great surprise the review of above book in your issue of December 23 and also the letter of Mr. G. S. Layard in yours of December 30, which happened to be the very day of Mr. Donnelly's death.

Your reviewer's ignorance is shown in his speaking of Dumbaie as a "submarine structure," whereas it stands four hundred or five hundred feet above sea level. The sites are *not* universally admitted "as evidences of the hand of man in the early navigation of the Clyde basin," unless the finding of an enormous dug-out canoe is what is meant. If the Cairn or Beacon theory is meant, I have never met anybody who supported it except its author, and I have heard it rumoured that even he has abandoned it. He, however, only claimed at most a sixteenth-century origin, while Dr. Munro assigns its date to somewhere between the fifth and twelfth centuries (pp. 192, 264). The doctor calls it a Corporation Cairn, thus reviving in a new dress the old puzzle of the Hen and the Egg: which came first? as this Corporation Cairn (p. 257) must have existed several centuries before there was any Corporation on or near the Clyde.

Dr. Munro states that both these Crannogs have been removed as an obstruction to the early navigation of the Clyde. The Dumbuck Crannog would not be an obstruction if it existed now, no matter how high it might be, while the Langbank Crannog is on the estuary and half a mile back from the River Clyde. It was covered with grass and the top of the piles reached about ordinary high-tide mark, so that if ever it was an obstruction it must have been before the last rise of the land, and its removal must have taken place more than three thousand years ago.

Nor have the "believers been reduced to a state of confusion" by that great geologist, Professor Boyd Dawkins; they simply went and examined the shells for themselves, and also the use made of them, and find that no reference whatever is made to them in any communication, they were simply handed over. They may have come to the district as manure among other city refuse and been worn as children's toys and dropped among the grass, but if they are forgeries, they are much more likely to be the work of an enemy.

Dr. Munro's statement that they were carved was publicly contradicted years ago, and two of your correspondent, Mr. G. S. Layard's statements—that the Blue Points had human faces carved on them, and that Professor Dawkins said so—are both false.

Professor Dawkins's astonishment "that the finds were unlike anything he had ever seen elsewhere," would probably have been less if he had visited the structures themselves, which Dr. Munro admits to be "virtually a new type among the early inhabited sites of Scotland" (p. 13). He might even have been inclined to agree with the late Mr. H. Stopes who wrote: "As I am familiar with the slate tools found in the Thames Valley I have no hesitation in expressing my conviction that all these objects are genuine. The fact that they are singular is, under the whole circumstances, in their favour."

The Crannogs themselves were equally bewildering to Dr. Munro, who writes of them as a "so-called Crannog," "a Broch," "a Corporation Cairn," "a Beacon," "a Fish Bothy," "a Pile Structure," "a Submarine Structure," "a Fort," "the foundation of a Stone Crannog" (p. 220), showing that he was himself absolutely at sea about it.

The subject was discussed on three whole nights by the Royal Philosophical Society, the Archaeological Society, and the Geological Society of Glasgow, and speaker after speaker condemned Dr. Munro's charges, while not one voice was raised in his favour. It will thus be seen that Scottish opinion was solid against him.

Dr. Munro himself admits that "the two submarine structures in the estuary of the Clyde, along with the portion of the relics, as to

which there can be no doubt as to their being genuine, are, perhaps, the most interesting and novel discoveries of recent times within the Scottish area" (p. 179).

As your paper gives support to charges against an honourable man, I trust you will, in the interests of fair play, find room for the above. Mr. Donnelly's discoveries are not due to chance, but to the fact that he knew this district, with its topography and natural history, better perhaps than any man living.

Besides Dumbaie and the Dumbuck Crannog, Mr. Donnelly is the discoverer of the magnificent cup and ring marked rocks at Auchentorlie, and during last summer he took a leading part in exploring a new crannog at Bishops Loch, near Glasgow, which will shortly be published, and informed me that when that was completed he had some other new discovery to work out.

JAMES NEILSON.

January 11, 1906.

[Our reviewer writes:

Mr. Neilson is completely mistaken in thinking that the review of Mr. Lang's book was intended to cast the slightest reflection on the *bona fides* of the late Mr. Donnelly. Nor do Dr. Munro's statements in "Archæology and False Antiquities" make any such suggestion. Mr. Lang in "The Clyde Mystery" (p. 18) says: "Of course Dr. Munro nowhere suggests that any excavator is the guilty 'faker.'" Mr. Donnelly, again to quote Mr. Lang's words, "was not an excavator of trained experience . . . like Dr. Schliemann, when he explored Troy, he was no erudite savant, but an enthusiast with an eye for likely sites." The worst charge that I ever heard of against Mr. Donnelly he shared in common with several Scotch antiquaries, namely, that he had been deceived by cunning forgeries. Mr. Neilson's own letter of January 11 is the very first intimation of any one being supposed to cast doubts on Mr. Donnelly's honour. The numerous British experts on prehistoric antiquities who agree with Dr. Munro in mistrusting the genuineness of many of the Clyde finds considered that Mr. Donnelly was deceived, but not that he was a deceiver. Why cannot all who write upon this vexed question imitate the admirable good temper shown by Mr. Andrew Lang in his recent book? Nothing was further from my intention than to add fuel to controversial heat, and I should wish to withdraw any phrase that may have unintentionally given offence.]

THE IMMORTAL PHRASE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Judging from the copious quotations given by your correspondent, Mr. D. Gulliver, far from proving, in my opinion, that Shelley is a master of the "immortal phrase," he has simply demonstrated up to the hilt its rarity in Shelley's works. Whilst there are numberless passages of lyric fire and beauty in his poems, the arresting line that rivets the reader's attention and haunts his memory is seldom present.

In brief, Mr. Gulliver, like Mr. Wright, lacks the noble instinct for what is best in a poet's works.

"E. R. B." was certainly happier in his selection, for it included "Life like a dome of many-coloured glass stains the white radiance of eternity"—most certainly an "immortal phrase." To which I would venture to add: "Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought." But how many such lines can be found in the whole of Shelley's verse? Few indeed!

Look, however, at the wealth of arresting and immortal lines in Wordsworth:

"The light that never was, on sea or land . . ."
 "The still, sad music of humanity . . ."
 "Heaven lies about us in our infancy . . ."
 "That inward eye which is the bliss of solitude . . ."
 "Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns . . ."
 "The sleepless soul that perished in his pride . . ."
 "Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower . . ."
 "Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears . . ."

These are indeed to be numbered amongst those gems of poetic thought "that on the stretched fore-finger of all time sparkle for ever."

The more we study Wordsworth's poetry the more we are in agreement with Coleridge's expressed opinion to his brother poet: "Since Milton I know of no poet with so many felicities and unforgettable lines and stanzas as you."

Truly there is a moral and imaginative sublimity of utterance in Wordsworth's best work which entitles him to rank after the two greatest names in our literature—Shakespeare and Milton.

STANLEY HUTTON.

ILLUSTRATED NOVELS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Before the growing evil has become a permanent one, is it possible by constant protest to stop the new fashion of illustrating good novels, books of poetry, etc.? Personally I would never read or buy one with illustrations when it is possible to avoid it, for, as a rule, these are beneath contempt, seldom following the descriptions of the text, and usually depicting the most vulgar types of men, women, and things. Let the "six-shilling shockers" be illustrated by all means; men like reading such books, and prefer them with pictures—the more

the better. But a woman who reads a great deal—like myself—and imagines the characters she is reading about, suffers so greatly from disillusion when she finds persons depicted as I have described, that all pleasure in the stories, poems, etc., is gone, and intense irritability takes its place, the text and illustrations being mostly impossible to reconcile. I appeal to you and all journals on books, to protest against, and, if possible, stop this most horrible, new, and undoubtedly growing fashion.

January 13.

A. L. T.

GRACE AFTER MEAT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The remarks in "The Literary Week" of January 13 on the beautiful habit of "asking a blessing," recall to my mind the somewhat startling "Grace after Meat" of a child of my acquaintance. It was concise and voiced at one and the same time disappointment, wrestling with a natural piety. It took this form: "Thank God for more dinner."

"WILSON CRAWFORD."

THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Inasmuch as Mr. James Morrice is a "new man" to your critic, "B. S.," I may be permitted to inform him that:

- (1) Mr. Morrice is a Canadian and not an American, as suggested;
- (2) He has for some years past been a regular exhibitor at the Société Nationale and the Autumn Salon in Paris, and at the International Society here; and
- (3) Several of his works have been acquired by the French Government for the Musée du Luxembourg.

FRANK RUTTER.

MR. J. H. INGRAM'S BIBLIOGRAPHY OF MARLOWE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Will you allow me to point out a curious and significant mistake in the tentative bibliography appended to Mr. J. H. Ingram's "Christopher Marlowe and his Associates." One of the items is there described as "Faligan E. De Marlovianis fabulis. Paris 1887," and a remark is added to the effect that it is a discussion of the "stories" current about the dramatist. I have looked through the volume and find, as I had expected, that it is nothing of the kind, but simply a doctoral thesis dealing with the plays of Marlowe. Probably Mr. Ingram would not have been misled if the title had been "De Marlovii fabulis." It would be too shocking an alternative to think that he is unaware, for instance, that the title of Mr. Gilbert Murray's volumes, "Euripidis fabulæ," does not mean in English, "Stories about Euripides," but the "Plays of Euripides." However it may be, it is evident that Mr. Ingram has not taken the trouble to examine a volume which he considers of sufficient value to put in his list, and such inadvertence is surely calculated to set up an impression not unlike distrust.

January 16, 1906.

FRANCIS WOOLLETT.

[Mr. John H. Ingram replies as follows: Sir,—Were my reply as careless as Mr. Francis Woollett's accusations, I might deem it evidence that he "has not taken the trouble to examine a volume" which he goes out of his way to attack, from the fact that he states that I made a remark, which he puts in inverted commas, in my work on "Marlowe and his Associates," which, in fact, is not there! As a proof that the work referred to was through my hands on various occasions, I enclose for your inspection some of the slips, fortunately preserved, which I signed, dated, and handed in at the British Museum Reading Room upwards of three years ago. This voluminous work being out of print, and not otherwise procurable, I obtained it from time to time, as shown, at the British Museum. Although Monsieur Faligan's work displayed extensive reading of Elizabethan literature his lore was second-hand and, therefore, of no value to me in my researches.]

BOOKS RECEIVED

ART.

- Histoire de l'Art depuis les premiers temps chrétiens jusqu'à nos jours.* Illustrated. Published under the direction of André Michel. Tome I. Partie II. 11 1/2 x 7 1/2. Pp. 513. Paris: Armand Colin, 1915.
- [Livre II. L'Art Romain. Cap. v. L'Architecture Romaine; cap. vi. La Sculpture Romaine; cap. vii. Peintures, Miniatures et Vitraux de l'époque romaine; cap. viii. L'évolution des arts mineurs du viii au xii siècle. cap. ix. L'Art Monétaire; Conclusion au tome premier; Tabes.]
- Bouchot, Henri. *Les Primitifs Français (1202-1500)*. Complément Documentaire ou Catalogue officiel de l'Exposition. 8 1/2 x 6. Pp. 342. (Paris: Librairie de l'art ancien et moderne.)
- [M. Bouchot's views on the Van Eycks and other "French Primitives" are fairly well known in England, partly through the *Burlington Magazine*. This volume gives them in full.]
- Les Maîtres de l'Art: Rosenthal, Léon. *Géricault*. 8 1/2 x 6. Pp. 176. (Paris: Librairie de l'art ancien et moderne.)
- [A handsome illustrated biography of the artist, with useful appendices.]

La Revue de l'Art ancien et moderne, edited by Jules Comte. (Paris: 28 rue du Mont-Tabor.)

Bumpus, T. Francis. *The Cathedrals of England and Wales*. Second Series. Illustrated. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2. Pp. 300 (Werner Laurie, 6s. net.)

[As we predicted, Mr. Bumpus has found it impossible to complete his work in two volumes. This second series contains Canterbury, York, St. Paul's, Winchester, Norwich, Peterborough, Exeter and Wells, and the third series will complete the work.]

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

- Henry Irving. By Christopher St. John. 11 1/2 x 9. Pp. 27. The Green Sheaf, 1s. net.
- Tarnowski, Count Stanislas. *Chopin: as revealed by extracts from his Diary*. Translated from the Polish by Natalie Janotha. Edited by J. T. Tanqueray. With eight portraits. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2. Pp. 68. (William Reeves.)
- [Translated from a lecture delivered to the poor students of Cracow University, 1871. It is not easy to tell where the introductory remarks of Mdlle. Janotha (or Mr. Tanqueray) end, and the lecture proper begins.]

FICTION.

- Methley, Alice. *La Belle Dame*. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2. Pp. 382. Long, 6s.
- Bodkin, McDonnell. *A Madcap Marriage*. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2. Pp. 334. Long, 6s. (See p. 63.)
- Keighley, S. R. *Barnaby's Bridal*. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2. Pp. 286. Long, 6s.
- Hughes-Gibb, Mrs. *Through the Rain*. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2. Pp. 302. Long, 6s.
- Muddock, J. E. *For the White Cockade*. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2. Pp. 325. Long, 6s.
- Dixie, Lady Florence. *Iara*. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2. Pp. 688. Long, 6s.
- Cleeve, Lucas. *Soul-Twilight*. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2. Pp. 302. Long, 6s.
- Wingfield, George. *He That is Without Sin*. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2. Pp. 317. Long, 6s.
- Dawson, Francis Warrington. *The Scar*. Methuen, 6s.
- Bernstein, Herman. *Contrite Hearts*. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2. Pp. 217. New York: Wessels, 1s. 2s.
- Bennett, Arnold. *Hugo: a fantasia on modern Themes*. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2. Pp. 324. (Chatto & Windus, 6s.)
- Foster, R. H. *The Arrow of the North*. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2. Pp. 316. (Long, 6s.)
- Jepson, Edgar. *The Lady Nogg's Peeress*. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2. Pp. 312. Illustrated by Lewis Baumer. (Unwin, 6s.)
- Harvey, Edmund. *Poor Raoul, and other Fables*. 6 1/2 x 5. Pp. 68. (Dent, 1s. 6d. net.)
- Peter Quinn's *Book of Marvellous Fairy Tales*. By the Children's Friend, Peter Quinn. Illustrated. 9 1/2 x 6 1/2. Pp. 104. (Drane, 3s. 6d.)
- Perkins, Rose. *Barbara Lavender*. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2. Pp. 236. (Drane, 6s.)
- Bancroft, Francis. *Her Reuben*. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2. Pp. 316. (Drane, 6s.)
- Gunter, Archibald C. *A Prince in the Garret*. Illustrated. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2. Pp. 272. (Ward, Lock, 6s.)
- Fox, John, jr. *A Mountain Europa*. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2. Pp. 192. (Constable, 3s. 6d.)
- Wishaw, Fred. *Her Highness*. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2. Pp. 310. (Long, 6s.) (See p. 63.)
- Woodroffe, Daniel. *The Beauty-shop*. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2. Pp. 338. (Werner Laurie, 6s.)
- Huneker, Jas. *Visionaries*. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2. Pp. 342. Werner Laurie, 6s.

HISTORY.

- Gorst, Harold E. *The Fourth Party*. With a preface by Sir John Gorst. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2. Pp. xii+322. Smith, Elder, 7s. 6d. net.
- Transactions of the Royal Historical Society*. Vol. xix. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2. Pp. 342. New Series. 1905. Published at the Offices of the Society.
- Carter, Jesse Benedict. *The Religion of Numi*, and other essays in the Religion of Ancient Rome. 8 x 5 1/2. Pp. x, 190. (Macmillan, 3s. 6d. net.)
- Lant, A. C. *Vikings of the Pacific*. The Adventures of the Explorers who came from the West, Eastward. 8 1/2 x 6. Pp. xviii, 350. Illustrated. (New York, The Macmillan Co., 8s. 6d. net.)
- [Being: The Dane; The Outlaw Hunters of Kussia; Benyowsky, the Polish Pirate; Cook and Vancouver, the English Navigators; Gray of Boston, the Discoverer of the Columbia; Drake, Ledyard, and other soldiers of Fortune on the west coast of America.]
- Norregard, B. W. *The Great Siege*. The investment and fall of Port Arthur. With maps and illustrations. 9 x 6. Pp. 308. (Methuen, 1cs. 6d. net.)
- [Mr. Norregard was the *Daily Mail* correspondent with the Third Japanese Army.]

LITERATURE.

- Heroic Romances of Ireland*. Translated by A. H. Leahy. Vol. ii. Nutt, 3s. net.
- Publications of the Modern Language Association of America*. Edited by Charles H. Grandgent. December 1905. (The Modern Language Association of America, \$1.00.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Carmen Sylva's *Suffering's Journey on the Earth*. Translated from "Leidens Erdengang" by Margaret A. Nash. 7 1/2 x 5. Pp. 140. Jarrold, 3s. 6d. net.
- Biggs, William. *The Law of International Copyright*. With special sections on the Colonies and the United States of America. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2. 1p. xx+850. Stevens & Haynes.
- Fox, Arthur Wilson. *The Rating of Land Values*. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2. Pp. 124. King 3s. 6d. net.
- Spalding, E. H. *Principles of Rhetoric*. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2. Pp. 259. Heath, 3s. 6d.
- Boole, Mary Everest. *Logic taught by Love*. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2. Pp. 184. Daniel, 3s. 6d. net.
- "One and All" *Gardening, 1906*. Edited by Edward Owen Greening. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2. Pp. 192. (Agricultural and Horticultural Association, 2d.)
- Library of Congress, Washington. *Report of the Libraries of Congress and Report of the Superintendent of the Library, Building and Grounds for the Fiscal Year ending June 30, 1905*. 9 1/2 x 6 1/2. Pp. 318. (Washington: Government Printing Office.)
- Round, Cornwell. *Self-Synthesis as a means to Perpetual Life*. 7 1/2 x 4 1/2. Pp. 32. (Simpkin, Marshall, 1s.)
- Spalding's Athletic Library. No. 1. *Muscle Building*, by Luther Gulick. M.D. Pp. 44. No. 6. *Spalding's Boxing Guide*. Pp. 140. Each 6 1/2 x 5. Illustrated. (British Sports Publishing Co., 6d. each.)
- Nisbet's *Church Directory and Almanack, 1906*. 7 1/2 x 5. Pp. 720. (Nisbet, 2s. net.) (See p. 69.)

- The Baptist Handbook for 1906.* 8 x 5½. Pp. 650. (Baptist Union Publication Department, 2s. 6d. net.) (See p. 69.)
- Wesleyan Methodist Church. *Minutes of Conference.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 750. (Wesleyan Conference Office.) (See p. 69.)
- Bible, Howard Wiswell. *Tides of Thought.* 6½ x 4½. Pp. 72. (Simpkin, Marshall, 4s.)
- [Pedestrian and often trite apophthegms in verse and prose. Printed on India paper with deckled edges.]
- Campbell, Angus. *Fettered Trade.* 7½ x 4½. Pp. 118. (Drane, 1s.)
- [Chapters in favour of Protection.]
- (Brown, Francis). *Political Parables by the Westminster Gazette Office Boy.* 9½ x 6. Pp. 96. (Drane, 2s. 6d. net.)
- [Reprinted, with many illustrations, including remarkable end-papers, from the *Westminster Gazette*, where they caused great amusement. Opposite each "parable" is a little note, recalling the circumstance that suggested it.]

NATURAL HISTORY.

- Birdland Pictures.* Twenty-four illustrations from photographs direct from nature, by Oliver S. Pike. 15 x 10½. Brockley: The Crofton Publishing Co., 3s. 6d. net.
- [Several of the photographs are finely reproduced, and many of them were obviously secured at risk of life and limb. Particularly good is that of the owl—startled by the click of the shutter—looking up and revealing the headless body of a rat it was in the act of devouring when disturbed by Mr. Pike's camera.]
- Pictorial Practical Flower Gardening.* Edited by Walter P. Wright. Illustrated. 7½ x 5. Pp. 152. Cassell, 1s. net.

POETRY.

- Paterson, A. B. *The Man from Snowy River; and other Verses.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 184. Sydney: Angus & Robertson.
- Lawson, Henry. *In the Days when the World was Wide.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 234. Sydney: Angus & Robertson.
- Ogilvie, Will. *Fair Girls and Gray Horses.* 7½ x 4½. Pp. 205. *Hearts of Gold.* 7½ x 4½. Pp. 170. Sydney: Bulletin Newspaper Co.
- Daley, Victor J. *At Dawn and Dusk.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 211. Sydney: Bulletin Newspaper Co.
- Herbert, Chas. Witham. *Poems of the Seen and the Unseen.* 8½ x 5½. Pp. 96. Oxford: Blackwell, 3s. 6d. net.
- Begbie, Agnes H. *The Rosebud Wall,* and other poems. Illustrated by Bell C. MacGibbon. 7½ x 4½. Pp. 72. (Edinburgh, W. J. Hay. London, Bagster.)
- After Adam's Fall.* By the author of "David the Broiderer." 7 x 7. Pp. 48. (Kegan Paul, 2s. 6d. net.)
- Denning, John Renton (J. A. N.). *Indian Echoes.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 136. (Blackie, 3s. 6d. net.)

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

- Selected Poems of Robert Burns.* With an introduction by Andrew Lang. 6½ x 4. Pp. 223. Kegan Paul, 1s. 6d. net. (See p. 53.)
- The Itinerary in Wales of John Leland in or about the Years 1536-1539* Extracted from his MSS. and arranged and edited by Lucy Toulmin Smith. 9½ x 6½. Pp. xi + 152. Bell, 7s. 6d. net.
- Young, T. E. *On Centenarians, and the Duration of the Human Race.* 10½ x 8. Pp. 147. Charles and Edwin Layton.
- [Described as "A fresh and authentic inquiry with historical notes, criticisms and speculations. Reissue, with seven additional authenticated instances of centenarians, and further observations."]
- Thomas Hughes's *Tom Brown's School-Days.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 315. Long, 2s. net.
- Dickens's *A Tale of Two Cities.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 382. Long, 2s. net.
- Guy Thorne's *A Lost Cause.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 320. Paper covers. Long, 1s.
- Burn, John Henry. *Children's Answers.* Enlarged Edition. 6½ x 4½. Pp. x, 284. (Treherne, 2s. net.)
- Miller, Hugh. *My Schools and Schoolmasters, or the Story of my Education.* With an introduction and notes by W. M. Mackenzie. Illustrated. 8½ x 6½. Pp. xx, 558. (Edinburgh: George A. Morton. London: Simpkin, Marshall, 3s. 6d.)
- Parsons, G. S. *Nelsonian Reminiscences.* Edited with notes, by W. H. Long. 7½ x 5½. Pp. viii, 286. (Gibbins, 3s. 6d.)
- [Appendix: Recollections of Tom Allen, the last of the Agamemnon, Index.]

SCIENCE.

- Heath, Thomas Edward. *Our Stellar Universe: Stereoscopic Star Charts and Stereoscopic Key Maps.* 10 x 7½. Pp. 26, vi, 26 Key Maps and 26 Star Charts in pockets at end. (King, Sell & Olding, 10s. net.)
- Clerke, Agnes, M. *Modern Cosmogonies.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 287. Black, 3s. 6d. net.
- [Of the sixteen chapters in the volume, thirteen have previously appeared in *Knowledge and Knowledge and Illustrated Scientific News*. The book consists of a series of brief studies on current theories of the origin and history of the visible universe. The difficulties besetting cosmical doctrines of evolution are pointed out, and the expedients by which those difficulties have been met, though not wholly overcome, are described. The widened possibilities connected with the new science of radiology, the unification of the physical forces that may ensue upon further discoveries concerning electrical action, the function in the world of the impalpable ether, the nature of gravity are discussed or adverted to.]

THEOLOGY.

- A Lay Sermon to Public School Boys preparing for Confirmation.* By A Science Master. Pp. 16. 1d. Duckworth, Sir Dyc., M.D., *Anglican Restlessness in the Twentieth Century, its causes and treatment.* Pp. 30. 2d. Both 6½ x 4½. (S.P.C.K.)
- Representative Church Council, Constitution, Standing Orders and scheme for the Representation of the Laity, as adopted at the Sessions, Nov. 22-24, 1905. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 16. (S.P.C.K., 2d.)
- Haupt, Paul. *The Book of Ecclesiastes.* A new metrical translation with an introduction and explanatory notes. 10½ x 7½. Pp. 48. (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press. London: Kegan Paul, 3s. 6d. net.)
- [Reprinted from the *American Journal of Philology*. Dr. Haupt is W. W. Spence Professor of Semitic Languages in Johns Hopkins University.]

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

- Three Chronicles of London, A.D. MCLXXXIX-A.D. MDIX.* Edited from the Cotton MSS., with introduction, notes and index, and compared with the printed versions, by Charles Lethbridge Kingsford. 9 x 6. Pp. xlviii + 368. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 10s. 6d. net.
- [The three London Chronicles here edited are contained in (1)—Cotton MS. Julius B ii; Cotton MS. Cleopatra C iv; and Cotton MS. Vitellius A xvj. They are roughly continuous, and between them cover the entire period from 1189 to 1509. Their main interest belongs, however, to the fifteenth century.]
- Macmichael, J. Holden. *The Story of Charing Cross and its Immediate Neighbourhood.* 9 x 6. Pp. 344. Chatto & Windus, 7s. 6d. net.
- Havell, E. B., A.R.C.A. *Benares the Sacred City: Sketches of Hindu Life and Religion.* 9 x 6½. Pp. xiv, 226. (Blackie, 12s. 6d. net.)
- [A handsome, lavishly illustrated and most interesting work, by the Principal of the Government School of Art, Calcutta.]
- Breasted, James Henry, Ph. D. *Egypt through the Stereoscope. A Journey through the Land of the Pharaohs.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 350. (Underwood & Underwood, 8s.)
- [This book is intended for use with, and is arranged in accordance with, 100 of Messrs. Underwood's Stereoscopic "Positions," which are comprised in a handsome case. There are 20 maps in a pocket at the end of the volume.]
- Loyson, Madame Hyacinthe. *To Jerusalem through the Lands of Islam among Christians, Jews and Moslems.* Preface by Prince de Polignac. 9½ x 6½. Pp. viii, 326. (Kegan Paul, 10s. 6d. net.)
- [We received a copy of this book in October last and reviewed it on November 25.]

THE BOOKSHELF

Translations into Greek Verse and Prose. By R. D. Archer-Hind, M.A. (Cambridge University Press.) We welcome this book of admirable renderings, showing that Cambridge scholars are still past masters in a delightful art which dullards and radicals decry. The skill which enables a man to produce a perfect reproduction of the manner of Sophocles, Aristophanes or Theocritus is not only a source of delight to intelligent readers but is the highest proof of real and fruitful scholarship in the writer. There is no more perfect instrument in the hands of the examiner than the composition paper. A really good composition shows that the examinee has in him the root of the matter. He may develop into a great emendator or into a stimulating essayist, but he has always to fall back on the instinct which made him a successful composer. Mr. Archer-Hind's book shows him to be in the first flight. He is already famous as a composer through his contributions to "Cambridge Compositions" and to the last edition of the "Sabrinae Corolla"; but all the pieces in this book appear now for the first time. "The greater part of them," he tells us in the Preface, "have not seen even the dim light of the lecture-room." Every scholar will recognise the true touch in every piece whether prose or verse. His vocabulary is extremely large and his taste is unerring. The distinguishing feature of the collection is its variety. We have not only iambs and hexameters and Attic prose, but studies in the manner of Theocritus, Aristophanes, Herodotus, many excellent choral odes, and some admirable Sapphics and Alcaics. His metrifaction is admirable. There is no monotony of cadence, and he never violates in his hexameters the rule which forbids the trochaic caesura of the dactyl in the fourth foot—an error into which modern composers often fall. Indeed, it was Munro who first called attention to this rule of the Greek hexameter, which the Latin poets neglected. Composers before Munro constantly violate it.

To give extracts would be an endless task, when everything is so good. In a fine anapaestic system rendering a passage from Shelley's "Prometheus" "sceptred curse" is finely translated by στέφανος ὑψηλόνων, but in the same piece we question περιέπυσσες in poetry; and is there any authority for shortening the first syllable in κίονας? It is true that vowels are long in one dialect and short in another, as in καλός, but is there any evidence that in any dialect the first syllable of κίον was ever short? In a translation from Matthew Arnold,

But now ye kindle
Your lonely cold-shining lights
we have the exact word for "lonely."

νῦν δ' οἰοφρόνων αἰθέρ' ἔρημον
πυρῶν φλέγετε ψυχραῖσι βολαῖς,
but we should prefer Τέρψιπύρνια for "Spirit of Delight," to εὐφροσύνη θεωμορφε. On p. 71 νεοθαλές is treated as νεοθαλές if we postulate exact antistrophic correspondence, but Dr. Verrall and others have taught us that scholars have carried this theory too far. Besides, νεοθαλῆσι has its right quantity on page 85. By the way, ἡνίοις, from ἡνίς "yearling" (gen. ἡνίος, acc. sing. ἡνίον, acc. plur. ἡνίους) in the same piece seems questionable. But the whole book is the work of a scholar of the first order.

Among new Directories the following have been sent to us: *The Baptist Handbook* (4 Southampton Row, 2s. 6d. net), which, as ever, is full of valuable information, and contains a portrait of His Honour Judge W. Willis, an interesting illustrated chapter on the new chapels, etc., and full lists and reports of the proceedings of last year: *The Catholic Directory* (Burns and Oates, 1s. 6d. net), which besides the usual information contains a very long Advertiser, which Catholics will find of great service, and a good map of the Catholic Dioceses and Missions of England and Wales: *Nisbet's Church Directory and Almanack* (2s. net), an invaluable and wonderfully cheap publication, which gives full alphabetical lists of clergy and of benefices, besides other information; and the *Minutes of Conference* of the Wesleyan

Methodist Church held in Bristol in July last, which contains also a number of appendices giving detailed information of the Church and its members and work (2 Castle Street, City Road, and 29 Paternoster Row).

John Wilhelm Rowntree: Essays and Addresses. Edited by Joshua Rowntree. (Headley, 5s. net.)—Among the more picturesque incidents of contemporary religious enterprise should be counted the tramp, made last summer through the Yorkshire Dales by some seventy young Quakers, intent on re-awakening into goodly fires those dying embers of tradition which still recall the age when the Society of Friends numbered a great host in the North Country. These modern pilgrims, like the writer of these posthumous essays, were filled with noble memories and great anticipations. He, indeed, should have been their leader, and in his premature death Yorkshire Quakerism has lost one of its most notable figures, its most loyal and able sons. Principally written for his own people, and teeming with local and even personal allusions, the volume which Mr. Joshua Rowntree introduces is still of interest to a wider public. For, with all the limitations set upon it by the conditions of its writing, it is instinct with the genius of its author. Indeed it is possible that his sunny and strenuous temper, by turns passionate and playful—being as he was, half artist, half evangelist, and wholly human—would have found less perfect expression in a more systematic and finished work. For he was a man of many interests, as these thoughtful papers and addresses, written during a decade of exceptional activity, bear witness. Among the rest, he had planned a large study of Quakerism, its genesis and development, both in England and America, proposing to carry down the story to the present day; and for this purpose he had already collected a library of books, pamphlets and manuscripts. But all that he was able to complete was a minor chapter—three lectures, delivered to a Summer School, on the Rise of Quakerism in Yorkshire. The story of the advent and continual wanderings of the Early Friends, of their great meetings and their sufferings in prisons and on the public ways, is full of high spirit and of quaint incident, which loses nothing in the telling. Old manuscripts have been ransacked, especially the books of "Preparative" and "Quarterly" Meetings; and while some appear to have proved but melancholy reading, filled perhaps with the annals of a tiny community in a moorland village whose members had failed to realise the meaning of their new fellowship, others record a higher level of attainment, and yield besides a harvest of homely humour. Even the decline of the Society into its eighteenth-century slumber is lit up for us sometimes with pathetic flashes of unconscious self-revelation, as when a minute-book records the inquiry: "Whether Friends keep up their week-day meetings observing the hour appointed, and how preserved out of dulness and sleepiness when met, and how such as sit next them that be overcome by sleepiness do discharge their brotherly duty by stirring them up." But John Wilhelm Rowntree was only secondarily a student of the past. His heart went out to the future, and most of his pages are devoted to the task of enlarging and re-building that religious society to whose service he gladly devoted his talents.

Les Grands Poètes Romantiques de la Pologne. By Gabriel Sarrazin. (Perrin et Cie. 3 fr. 30.) M. Sarrazin's work concerns more even than the greatest poets of Poland, more even than Poland herself. It is the record of a cry of agony going up from the oppressed nationalities of Europe. Of these tortured races, however, none can compare with the heroic and unfortunate Poles in interest for civilised peoples; and in none of them have national faith and aspiration for freedom been so consistently hymned by their poets as in Poland. The aspirations of Russia herself have been largely fostered by her novelists and poets, but it is almost entirely due to the courage and inspiration of her bards that Poland still exists. This is scarcely the time or place to examine critically, or in any way exhaustively, the lives and labour—literary and patriotic—of the great poets M. Sarrazin deals with in his invaluable work, but the one most salient feature of the volume is, that the three famous men described are so entirely and truly typical of their own nation. They felt what they sang, and sang what their race, its deeds and sufferings, inspired them to. They, as were the chief singers of all the Slavonic nations, were deeply influenced by Byron, but what with him was but picturesque fancy, with them was the intensest tragedy of real life, not the poet's ideal pessimism, but the true portrayal of the melancholia begot by the terrible deeds amidst which they passed their existence. The nationalistic writings of Mickiewicz and Slowacki arouse the Poles to fury, or sadden them to despair, hence Dr. Brandes styles them the poets of Revenge, whilst Krasinski, who sings of the millennium yet to dawn, when lion and lamb, oppressor and oppressed, are to admire each other and forgive one another, he terms the poet of Love. M. Sarrazin not only gives critical and biographical descriptions of these three men, together with various more or less lengthy translations from their most famous works, but, in the course of his entrancing volume, contrives to present many lifelike portraits of the Polish people, to depict vividly their racial peculiarities, and to show how their sufferings overshadow all their national life. The adventures of these three poets; it may be pointed out, equal in wonder those of the heroes of Dumas or Jókai, and it is characteristic of them, as of most noble Poles who do not die on the battlefield or the wilds of Siberia, that all of them lived a great portion of their lives in exile and died afar from their native land.

At last we are to have a *corpus* of our early English drama. The Early English Drama Society (18 Bury Street, Bloomsbury) is printing privately for its subscribers a limited edition of the Early English Dramatists, chronologically arranged, with occasional

"extra" volumes, at a (subscription) price of £5 net for twelve volumes 8vo. and £20 net large paper. Of the First Series (John Heywood to Ulpian Fulwell) we have the first two volumes before us: *John Heywood*, vol. 1. of three, containing Comedies, Interludes, Disputations (Four P's, John and Tib, Pardoner and Friar, Love, Weather, Witty and Witless), and *Anonymous Plays*, containing Hickscorner, Four Elements, Calisto and Melibœa, Everyman, World and Child, and Thersytes. Our readers will notice two interesting implications in this list. The other volumes of this Series are to be the remaining two of Heywood, three more of Anonymous Plays, and one each John Bale, Nicholas Udal, Richard Edwards, Wever and Ingelend, and Ulpian Fulwell. It will be clear at first sight to students of the Early English Drama that many of the works promised are at present only in manuscript, or very scarce. For the first time they will have an opportunity of reading in full works of which Mr. A. W. Pollard and other scholars have printed selections. All plays in previous collections will be included. The text is clear and very carefully read, and an ingenious system of notation, which appears to combine the maximum of information with the minimum of trouble and ostentation, adds greatly to the value of these volumes. We hope to give a more critical examination of them in a later issue. Meanwhile let us say that this is work that badly needed doing, and that it is, so far as we have examined it, very admirably done.

Of all the Englishmen of the seventeenth century who left their mark upon the history of the world there were few who had a more adventurous life than Captain John Smith, whose biography has been written by Mr. A. G. Bradley (Macmillan, 2s. 6d.). Smith has left us his autobiography, quaintly but bravely written in the third person and called "The True Travels and Adventures and Observations of Captain John Smith"; and in his "Accidence for Young Seamen" and "Description of New England" has given us much curious information upon naval and military life, customs and methods in his time. From this material, and from other writers on the subject, Mr. Bradley has put together a most interesting story. John Smith became a soldier of fortune at the age of sixteen, and for eight years fought in Transylvania under Prince Sigismund; and it was during this time that he performed the notable feat of conquering three Turks in single combat. For this exploit he was granted by the Prince a coat of arms containing "the figure and description of three Turks' heads," a device similar to that granted to Ednyved Vychan by Llewelyn the Great for a parallel feat against the English. Smith's coat of arms was registered at the Herald's College in 1625, and his exploit is chronicled not only in his own book but also in Purchas, and by Francesco Farnese, secretary to Prince Sigismund in "The Wars of Transylvania, Wallachia, and Moldavia." Smith was afterwards captured by the Turks, escaped, and for two years wandered over the continent of Europe studying military matters. He then went out to America, and was one of the early settlers at Jamestown in Virginia. There, as in Europe, he speedily came to the front, and became President of the Colony, which he served long and well. Then for a time he took to the sea, and, when the Pilgrim Fathers sailed, offered them his services. They were refused, for, though only fifty, he was too weak and worn to stand the hardships of colonising any longer. It would seem to have been a reproach of Smith's later years that he was unlucky. True, he had many sad adventures, he had failed to accumulate a vast fortune as others did, had won neither reward nor recognition. Yet he was a man to whom England owed much, and if Mr. Bradley's admirable little book does something to keep his memory green it will not have been written in vain.

The Life of Madame Guyon. By Thomas C. Upham. Edited and revised by an English Clergyman. New edition with introduction by W. R. Inge, M.A. (Allenson, 6s.)—This book is liberally provided with prefaces. First we have the remarks of the "English Clergyman" who edited and revised it at some unknown date. He apparently thinks that Madame Guyon was a Jansenist, and tells us that both she and Fénelon were really Protestants and were condemned as such. He holds it possible that God "may have and has a people wasting in chains and thralldom of mind" in the Roman system. Next comes the editor's own preface, and last of all Mr. Inge's short introduction, admirable in its way, but apparently intended as an introduction to Madame Guyon's own autobiography, which is not Mr. Upham's "Life." A translation of the autobiography would have been much more welcome than this re-issue of a book which is an excellent example of the art of making an interesting subject dull. The author thinks it his duty to apologise continually for the fact that Madame Guyon was a Roman Catholic, and takes pains to point out that she did not trust in "works" or other Romish delusions. It was evidently his belief that the Roman Catholic religion consists wholly in formal observances and that spirituality is not to be found among its members. The edifying remarks with which he interlards the narrative are extremely annoying. The book belongs to a bygone age, and we cannot understand why it has been reprinted. It does not give an accurate conception of Madame Guyon's character; for instance, the author's preoccupations lead him to suppress the account of her austerities and mortifications, to which he makes only a bare and apologetic allusion. Madame Guyon was an interesting and in many ways an attractive personality, and her treatment was abominable. But it is impossible to regard her character as well-balanced and still more impossible to ignore the dangers of Quietism or condemn the opposition to it as altogether unreasonable and mistaken. It is quite plain that Mr. Upham knew very little about the actual tenets of Quietism, and did not in the least understand the questions at issue in the controversy.

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